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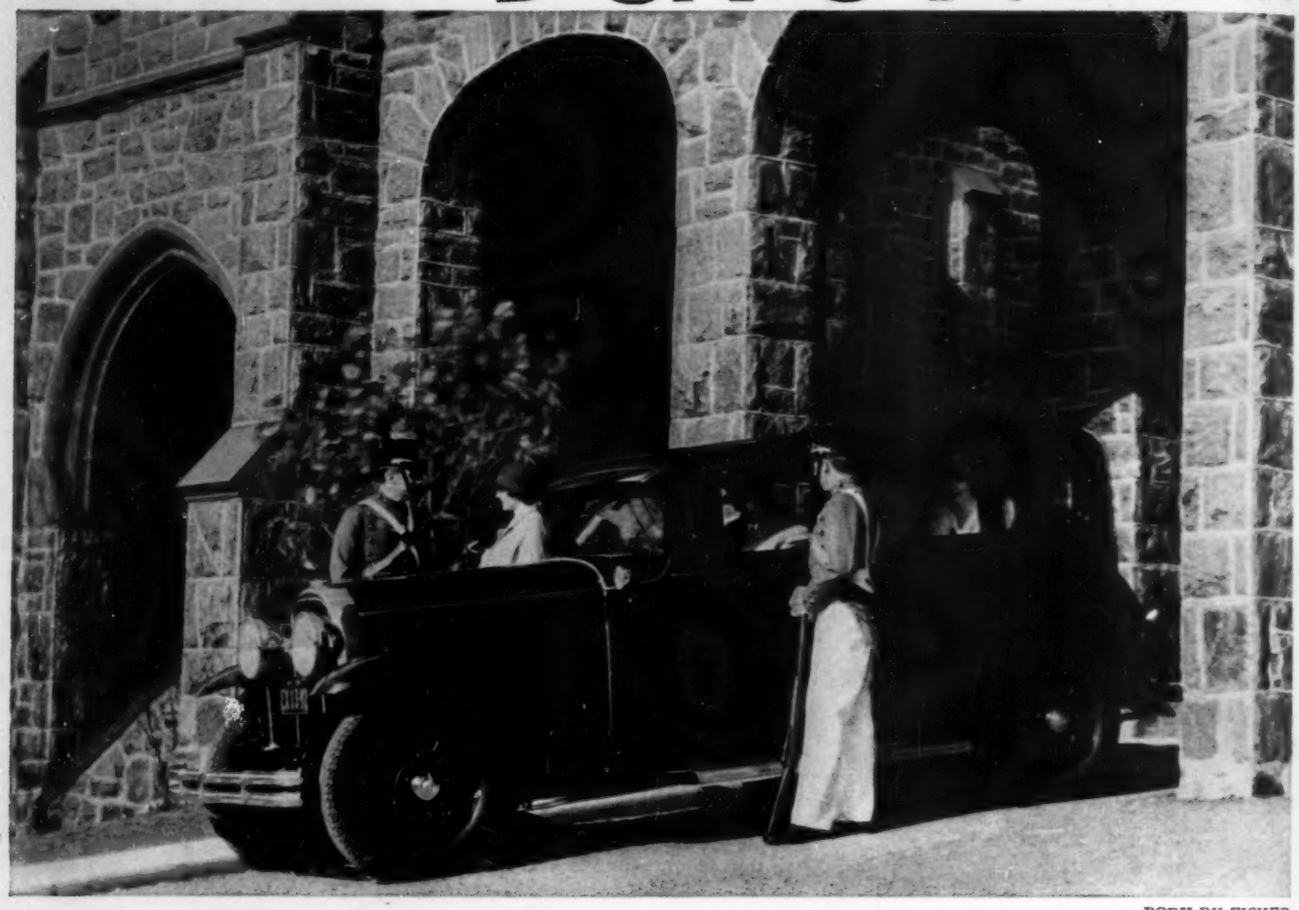

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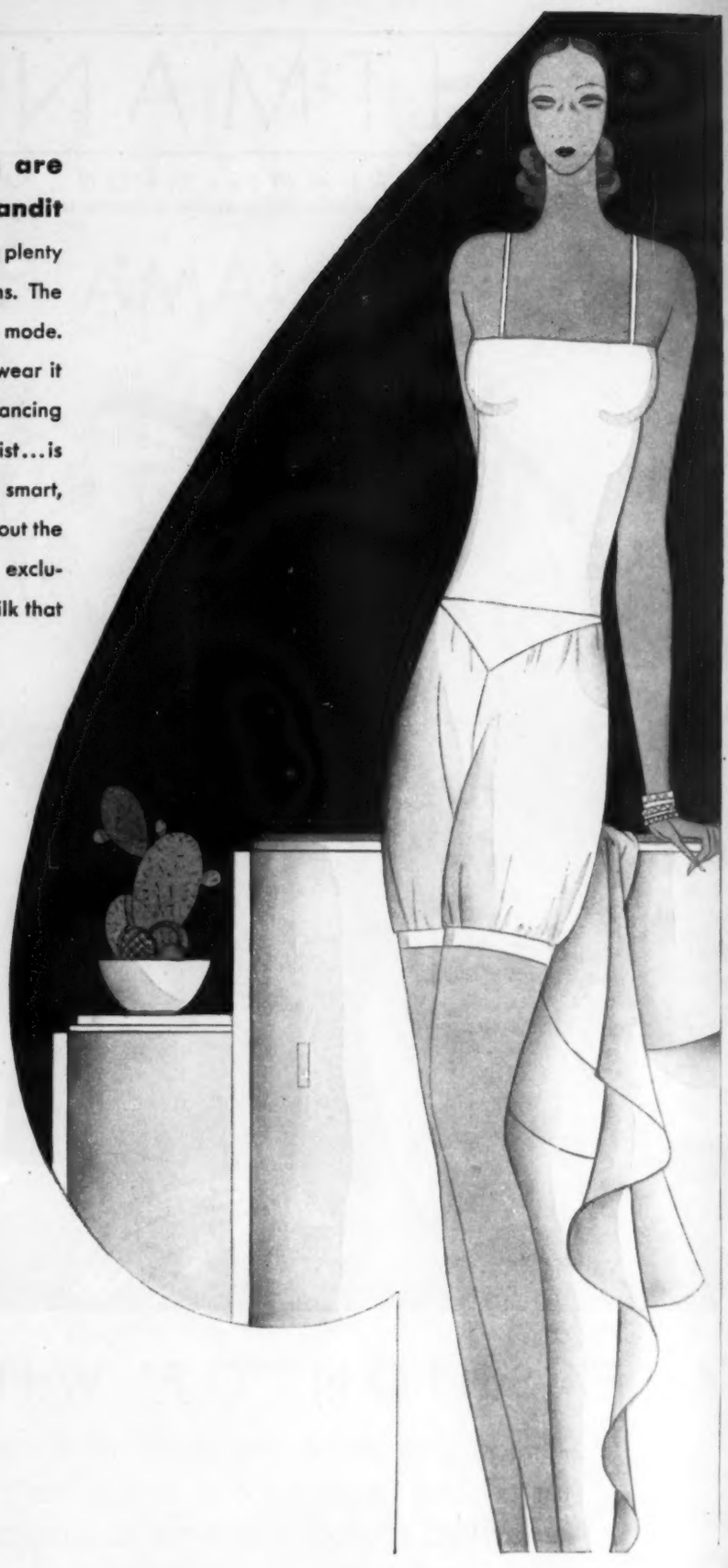

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 17. June 14, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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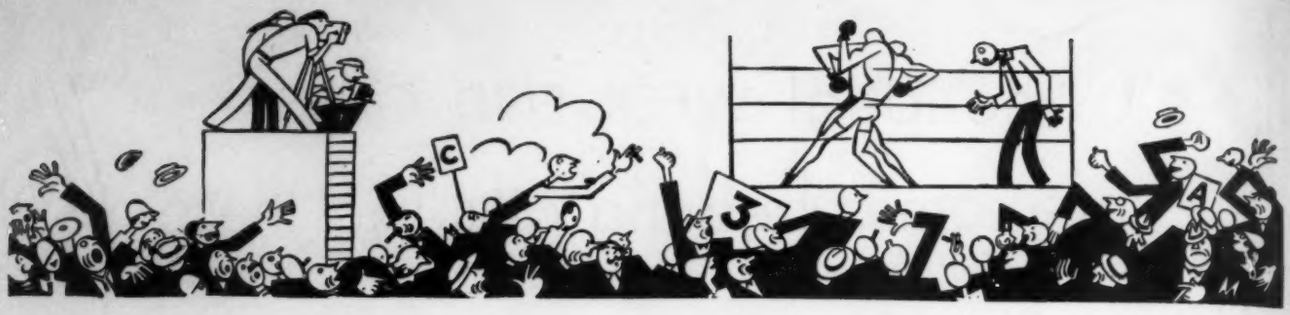

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 21. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—The story of a mother who kept giving her son advice even after she was dead—to the irritation of his young wife. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—St. John Ervine's pleasant retelling of the old story of the witty wife whose errant husband comes back. Immeasurably aided by the presence of Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Easily the most unusual and satisfying play of the season. An all-Negro cast in a naïve account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

HOTEL UNIVERSE—An excursion into metaphysics by Philip Barry showing a group of people who are snapped back into their respective pasts for the alleviation of their present distresses. Considering its impossibility, a brave and at times highly effective essay. Done in the Theatre Guild's best manner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—A finely wrought but harrowing account of an attempted jailbreak, with death on the loose. (Harris, 42, W.)

LOST SHEEP—If you will not be shocked at the idea of a vicar and his family of young ladies renting a house hitherto devoted to carnal traffic, you will find some very funny moments in this. It is acted by an excellent company headed by Cecilia Loftus and Ferdinand Gottschalk. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

LYSISTRATA—A fine production of Aristophanes' comedy of sex life among the Greeks, which ought to amuse everyone who believes in laughing out loud instead of leering. The cast includes Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, Ernest Truex, Eric Dressler, Sydney Greenstreet, and Hortense Alden. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A very nice combination of some of the things that A. A. Milne does best, with a minimum of treacle. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Real light comedy, and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE TAVERN—Last two days of George M. Cohan's incomparable travesty on melodrama. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M. Closes Sat., June 14.)

TOPAZE—A pleasant little play from the French, telling of a school teacher who finds the secret of business success. Frank Morgan is excellent in the title rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

UNCLE VANYA—The futility of trying to live in Russia, even in a comedy, with Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, Joanna Roos, and Osgood Perkins acting in the best Chekhov manner. Should be seen. (Cort, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A Cole Porter score worked into a fast American tour of Paris, with a lot of laughs and a cast that includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Some more smart sketches and pleasant songs by the young people whom the Theatre Guild let use its theatre. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SIMPL. SIMON—It doesn't really make much difference how old the gags are because Ed Wynn pulls them. Some good dancing. (Ziegfeld's, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Even if this weren't an excellent musical show in general, it would have Jack Donahue, which would make it one in particular. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—A musical comedy which ought to be made compulsory for those who are war-minded. Bobby Clark is at his funniest and the Gershwins have written a good score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS—More or less regulation Viennese operetta, made distinctive by the sweet voices of Natalie and Bettina Hall. (Shubert, 44, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Van and Schenck, Willie and Eugene Howard, and Frances Williams will be at the Palace Fri., June 13. Will Mahoney will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., June 14. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE SONG AND DANCE MAN—A revival of the George M. Cohan comedy, with Mr. Cohan heading the cast. Opens Mon., June 16. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

ARTISTS AND MODELS OF 1930—A Shubert revue, with Phil Baker and George Hassell. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Green Room for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and supper in a handsome Joseph Urban setting cooled by Park breezes. Leo Reisman's music and dances by Barry and Fitzgibbon.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—A favorite after-theatre place in all seasons; Sherbo's orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For dancing after the theatre. Rosita and Ramon, Russell John, and Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band in cool and agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music in a blue-and-gold setting during dinner and supper; dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner dancing in a Persian pavilion; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not high up, but

(Continued on page 6)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

cool nevertheless: New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, another late place, with The Yacht Club Boys and Muriel Johnston. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Dome, 52 W. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

JUST OUT OF TOWN—Some of the better road-houses less than an hour from Times Sq. and open until 2 A.M.—Ben Riley's Arrow-head Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, outdoor dining and dancing. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I., Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, starting Wed., June 18. . . . Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham P'kway at Eastchester Rd., Vincent Lopez music. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Williamsbridge Rd. near Pelham P'kway, Scrappy Lambert's orchestra.

For dinner—Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I., recommended for exquisite cuisine (no dancing). . . . For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel. The most brutal and honest picture of the war to be seen. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M., and Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 11:50 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The play, finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London cast probably starting out on a big American movie career. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

MADAME X—Revival of one of last year's best films, with Ruth Chatterton. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., June 13; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S—John Barrymore in a mildly amusing slapstick comedy. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Fri., June 13; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—Lillian Gish in the Molnar comedy of the princess and the tutor. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—A cheerful revue with lively moments contributed especially by Chevalier and Jack Oakie. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., June 14-16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:50 P.M.)

THE SILENT ENEMY—Indians and caribou and the great wilderness of the Far North. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 21. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Florodora Girl," Marion Davies as one of the historic sextet in a charming study of that day; "Mammy," for those who like minstrel-show movies, with Al Jolson; "So This Is London," the George M. Cohan farce plus a great deal of original Will Rogers; "True to the Navy," Clara Bow in a rough-and-tumble fable about a lunch-counter girl and a sailor.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group, Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group, Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

FRENCH MODERNS—Summer show of examples by Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, Gromaire, and others: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

HAVEMEYER—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection will remain on view all summer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art: Galleries 20-25. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN—The Museum of Modern Art will open its retrospective summer exhibition June 15. Canvases by Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, Picasso, Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and many others that the Museum has shown during the year: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

STERNE—Recent paintings and drawings by Maurice Sterne: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Nightly at 8:45 P.M., starting Mon., June 16: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . .Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

ON THE AIR

PRYOR'S BAND—In General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., June 14 and 21, at 9:30, over WEAF.

JAMES MELTON—Tenor soloist; all-Romberg program, with orchestra, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., June 15, at 9:15, over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard," in Canadian Pacific Ballad Opera Hour: Sun. Eve., June 15, at 9:15, over WJZ.

ALLAN JONES—Tenor; Del Staigers, cornetist; with Shilkret conducting orchestra, in Mobiloil Hour: Wed. Eve., June 18, at 8:30, over WEAF.

NOTE—An elaborate broadcast has been planned which will link the World Power Conference in Berlin with the National Electric Light Assoc. Convention in San Francisco, and will present as speakers to both assemblies: Thomas Edison from Orange, N. J., Senatore Guglielmo Marconi from London, Owen D. Young from San Francisco, and Lord Derby from Camberley, Eng.: Wed. Aft., June 18, at 4, over WEAF and WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri., June 13; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat. through Tues., June 14-17. Games start at 3 P.M. Sat. and Sun., and at 3.20 P.M. other days. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. through Sat., June 19-21. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

CREW—Princeton-California-Navy, freshman and varsity crews, on Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N. J., Sat., June 14, at 5:45 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. at 2:10 P.M.). . . . Yale-Harvard Regatta, Thames River, New London, Conn., Fri., June 20. Freshman race at 10 A.M., immediately followed by junior varsity race. Varsity race at 7:45 P.M. All races will be rowed downstream. (Observation trains leave New London Sta. about 40 minutes before start of races. Last connecting trains leave Grand Central at 6 A.M. for the morning races, and at 2:45 P.M. for the varsity. Special train leaves New London for New York immediately after the return of the varsity-race observation train.)

DOG SHOWS—Greenwich Kennel Club Show, Bruce Park, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., June 14. . . . Westchester Kennel Club Show, Rye, N. Y., Sat., June 21.

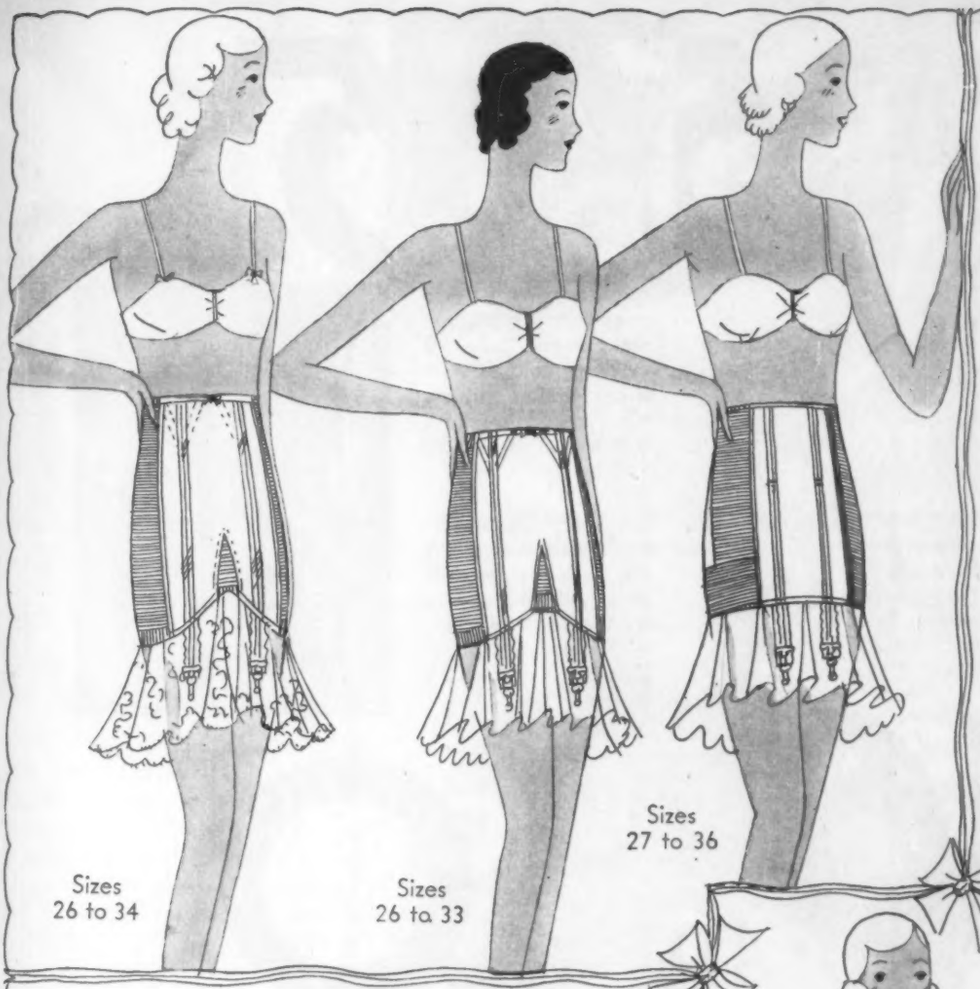
GOLF—Long Island Amateur Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Fri. and Sat., June 13 and 14. . . . Metropolitan Amateur Championship, St. Albans G. C., St. Albans, L. I., Wed. through Sat., June 18-21.

HORSE SHOWS—Westchester County Horse Show, Bowman Park, Rye, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., June 13 and 14. . . . Huntington Bay Club Show, Huntington, L.I., Thurs. through Sat., June 19-21.

POLO—Intercollegiate Tournament: Princeton vs. Penn. M.C., Devereux Memorial Field, Princeton, N. J., Fri., June 13, at 3:30 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. at 1:20 P.M.); other games will be played at Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N. J., at 3:30 P.M., as follows: Harvard vs. West Point, Sat., June 14; Yale vs. winner of second game, Wed., June 18; Finals, Sat., June 21. . . . Meadow Brook Club Tournament, Westbury, L.I., starts Sat., June 14, at 5 P.M.; other games following Tues., Thurs., and Sat., at 5 P.M., weather permitting. . . . High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Aqueduct track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Oyster Bay, Sat. Aft., June 14; Knickerbocker Yacht Club, Port Washington, Sat. Aft., June 21.



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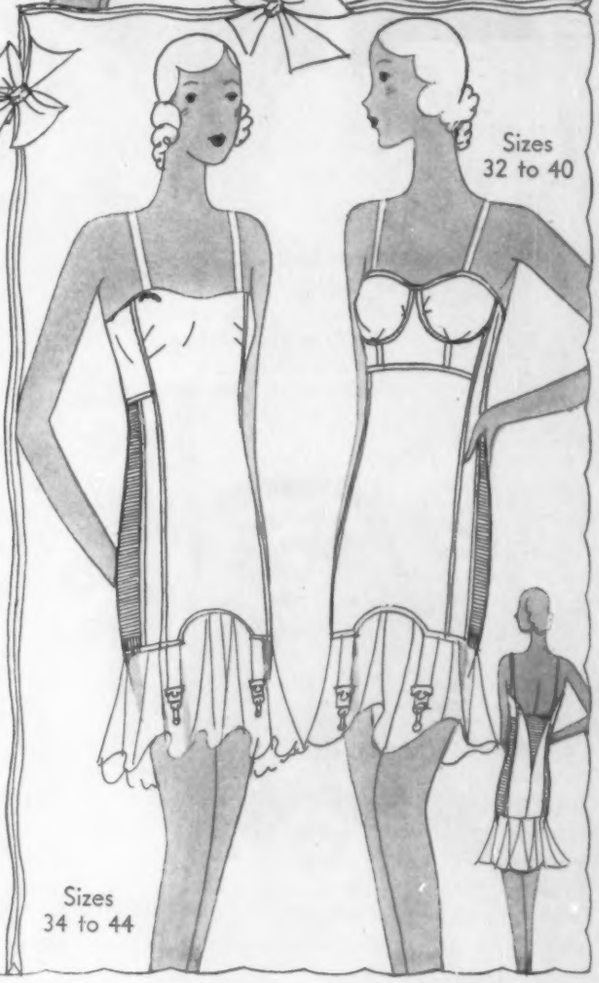

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FIFTH AVENUE

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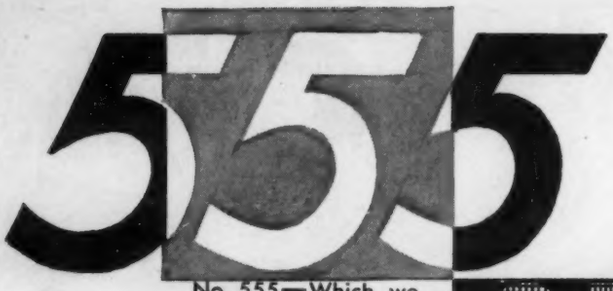

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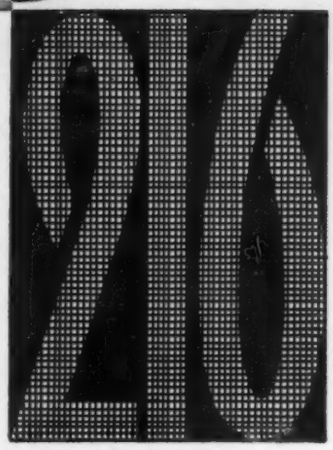

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF you are observant these June days, you will notice in the street many people in whose half-shut eyes is a look of quiet resignation. They are the hay-fever people, a sturdy little band whose affliction is real only to themselves. To the rest of the world, any inflammation of the nose and eyes caused by such comical substances as daisy pollen, mouse fur, and timothy grass, comes under the general head of comedy. Besides, it is hard for the lay public to grasp the presence of any irritating substance in Manhattan except the heat. We were talking the other day to a fever-stricken fellow who told us that the worst attack of

hay fever he ever had was once when he was in London. "What caused the irritation?" we inquired in our best clinical manner. "I have no idea," he replied, "unless it was the fine particles that come off the English."

SOMEONE has pointed out to us a curious thing about double-decker elevators—a thing we failed to take into consideration when we were speculating about them a few weeks ago. We predicted that they would be pleasantly confusing, but that, it seems, is putting it mildly. We ask you to contemplate what would happen to a double-decker elevator in an office building which had no thirteenth floor (and there are many such). If the upper deck of the double-decker were to stop at the even floors and the lower deck at the odd floors, the whole system would go to pieces on the way up when the missing thirteenth floor was encountered. Figure it out: when the elevator made its 12-11 stop, everything would be going fine, but the next stop (which should be 14-13) would

turn out to be 14-12, or in other words *both* decks would be at even-numbered floors. This would frighten and anger the passengers, many of whom would think the elevator was coming apart and some of whom would demand an explanation and probably get it. The only solution would be to have the upper deck stop at the even floors up to and including twelve, and at the odd floors above twelve—and we have a suspicion that that wouldn't lessen the confusion any, either. It might even add to it.

WHILE we're on the subject, a man in Pittsburgh has written us advising us that there is a double-decker elevator in daily operation there in the Henry Hotel. He says, however, that the lower deck (which once was used for the luggage of swell guests) is now dark and full of ghosts, and that it trails tragically along, looking somewhat disgraced and even a little illegal.

SOME time back, Mr. Villard, on behalf of the *Nation*, sent a warm, friendly greeting to a liberal journal in

Korea on the occasion of the journal's tenth anniversary. It was a kindly gesture and the Korean journal proudly printed the letter. The Japanese authorities read it, got thinking about it, and presently suspended the journal —on the general theory that if a Korean publication received a complimentary letter from the editor of the *Nation*, things must be getting pretty bad over in Korea. The incident, which has just recently come to light, amuses us vastly, and puts ideas into our head. We have already framed a most cheery greeting, suitable to send to a contemporary on an anniversary, and are just waiting for the next birthday of the *Saturday Evening Post* to come around.

WHEN Frank Gannett, the newspaper tycoon, took over the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, he made a lot of

improvements, and Brooklyn was quite happy. Then came the first of the year and with it came no calendar and no almanac. Now in Brooklyn, in the homes of *Eagle* subscribers, the first of the year had always meant two things —a new calendar to hang over the stationary washtub in the kitchen, and a new almanac for Father's desk in the study. How else could the revolving Brooklyn seasons revolve, how else could the fleeting Brooklyn days slip by? Ah, the march of progress, and the cutting of *Eagle* budgets! Bare are the kitchen walls in old Brooklyn this year. Bare, too, the space on Father's desk where the almanac used to lie, with its strange facts that not even a Brooklyn citizen knew how to use. It is a dreary year in the Borough —a late spring of buds nipped by cold, and the prospect of a summer of drought

and pestilence, a fall of blighted harvest, and an early winter of long snows and civic desolation.

The Pioneers

STRANGE accidents, pioneering adventures, happen to the people who move into these new skyscraper towers before all the mechanism of the building gets to functioning properly. Recently, for instance, a directors' meeting downtown was held up for hours while the chairman of the board struggled painfully to make his way out of the Chrysler Building, then still pretty much a wilderness inside. He had, it seems, just moved his offices to the sixty-seventh floor. Telephones hadn't yet been installed. Worse, that afternoon the tower elevators for some reason had stopped running. Alone, unaided, he had trekked down twenty-three floors afoot, before he came upon the offices of another early settler, on the forty-fourth floor, where there was a telephone that worked, to send a signal to the outside world.

Flag-Day Man

IF the lady on your left tires of your more ponderous dinner topics, you might tell her about Benjamin Altheimer. "Benjamin Altheimer," you might say, "is responsible for Flag Day; did you know that?" To prove that you are not just trying to be funny, you can give her the facts about Mr. Altheimer, and how he thought up Flag Day. Here they are: He is a real person, alive, and well, and lives right here in New York. Although eighty, he can still get about spryly. No one in the world gets a greater thrill out of walking up Fifth Avenue on June 14 than he does. After all, he put those flags out there—yours and mine and Lord & Taylor's and everybody else's.

Mr. Altheimer thought of setting aside a special day for the spangled banner, back in 1910. He was on a visit to San Antonio, and he watched with sparkling eyes the flag-retreat ceremony at Fort Sam Houston one afternoon. It impressed him mightily. He was about sixty then, and a great patriot in a quiet way, a lover of the flag, of the Betsy Ross tradition, of the United States of America generally (oddly enough, he was born in Germany).

He came to America as a young man, plunged into banking and brokerage out in St. Louis and, in no time, made millions of dollars. His gratitude for the quick success that he, a foreign-born Jew, had in a strange country, took the form of philanthropy and patriotism. He gave to hospitals, founded libraries, aided government projects, financed charities, led off campaigns for the relief of victims of fire, flood, war, and unemployment. Always in his mind, however, there lurked a desire to do something for America in a big way. The incident at San Antonio was his inspiration. A great reader of our history, he knew (or if he didn't, he looked it up) that June 14 was the day on which Congress accepted Betsy Ross' flag. Then, with the same spirit and gusto that had put over charitable campaigns, he started his drive to interest the nation in its flag. He began on St. Louis. He promised to give a fine flag to any institution which would formally observe Flag Day on the fourteenth. The Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis was the first to respond—in 1911. Other churches, synagogues, and schools fell in line. Mr. Altheimer soon had to go into the flag-purchasing and presenting business on a big scale, with secretaries and others helping him to meet the demand. Since he was retired from banking, he could give all of his time to it. In 1912 St. Louis, as a municipality, celebrated Flag Day. Flags were everywhere. All traffic stopped for a full minute at a given time. Mr. Altheimer was very happy. He was happier yet when, in 1917, he got to President Wilson in person, and Flag Day was made a national occasion. In 1927, the one-hundred-and-

fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the flag, the United States Flag Association invited Mr. Altheimer, along with Lindbergh, to attend its celebration in Washington. He couldn't go, because of illness, but the Association sent him a cross of honor and a citation, signed by Coolidge, "for having planted the true appreciation of the flag in the hearts of the American people."

Mr. Altheimer spends most of his time at the Harmonie Club, 4 East Sixtieth Street. His day is a calm and pleasant one—morning paper, lunch, a nap under a Persian fleece blanket, tea with *schmeckchen*, and so on. He is slight, but erect and rather distinguished-looking, with a Biblical nose and a patriarchal white beard. He talks a great deal, still with a German accent. He likes slogans and mottoes of an inspirational nature. He has spoken at hundreds of banquets on patriotic themes, and a flood of oratory surges to his lips in response to a catchword. His has been a full life and a worthy one. If you grumble about getting the flag out of the attic and hanging it up, you are not the patriot that Benjamin Altheimer is.

Art

WHILE staying in Bermuda a gentleman stepped into a haberdasher's shop to buy a necktie and found in the ensuing conversation, a little to his surprise, that the proprietor, a Mr. Torrington, was something of a crony of Mr. Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill, it seems, when in Bermuda, often used to come into his shop or drop in on him of an evening at his home. Mr. Torrington was delighted to talk about his famous friend, his quiet habits, his long periods of taciturnity. "I remember," he said, "one night when he'd just finished that play of his, 'Strange Interlude,' he came in and sat all evening without a word. Said he didn't want to talk, just wanted to sit still and rest. I know how a fellow feels all right after a job of writing," Mr. Torrington continued. "My! Don't I have a letdown every Tuesday, when I finish getting up our quarter-page ad for the paper!"

Parking Place

LOEW's Lexington Theatre provides a service which you ought to know about. When you go out of town you can leave your goldfish at Loew's Lexington. There is a huge goldfish pool in the lobby and you simply walk in and dump them into it. The quaint custom was started in 1923 when a gentleman who lives in the East Sixties stopped in, with his fish

under his arm, and asked Mr. Crawford, manager of the theatre, if he could leave them there. Mr. Crawford said he could, and the news of this convenient service spread. Every now and then a car drives up and a chauffeur with a goldfish bowl gets out and empties it into the pool. People never come back and claim their pets, because of course they couldn't tell which ones were theirs, and nobody wants anybody else's goldfish. They buy new ones. The system keeps the pool well populated.

Loew's Lexington also has two parrots in the lobby, one fifty-four years old, which was presented to the late Marcus Loew seven years ago by a naval officer. The old parrot hates boys and dogs. He doesn't talk, but the younger one does. It used to belong to Mrs. Loew. She gave it to the theatre when she left Long Island after her husband's death. This parrot says "Hello" and "Goodbye." There are also some dozen or more canaries in the lobby. They haven't sung much since the talkies started.

Two Letters

IT is not often that we are in a position to publish the diplomatic correspondence between two such prominent persons as Elisabeth Marbury and Rudy Vallée. Therefore it is with a sense of pride and satisfaction that we give the world the letters exchanged on the occasion of Miss Marbury's recent big-hearted attempt to elevate Mr. Vallée to the Four Hundred.

Now for the letters! First, Miss Marbury to Mr. Vallée:

"Dear Mr. Vallée: Perhaps my name is not unknown to you. Have you made any arrangements for a personal tour next season? If not, how would you like to see me regarding the same? Perhaps you know the phenomenal success I have had in taking hold of individual attractions—recently Kreutzberg and Georgi, the dancers. If my letter interests you, and you are entirely free to talk business, let me have a line and I will ask you to come over to my house. Sincerely yours, Elisabeth Marbury."

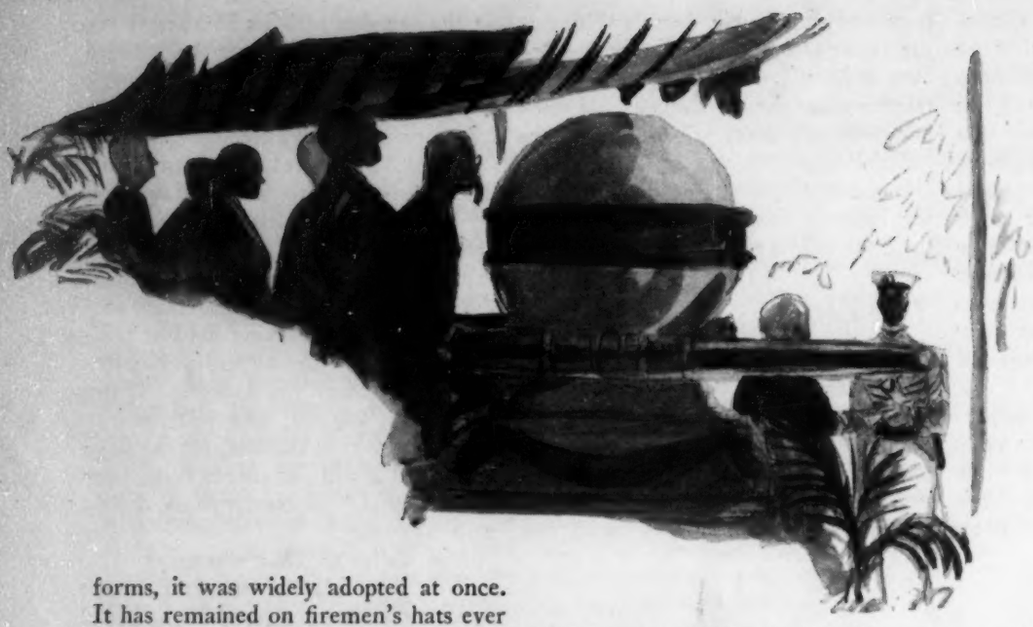
Mr. Vallée to Miss Marbury:

"My dear Miss Marbury: I do not recall your letter of April 17th, but if it is really important that you see me, this letter will bring you to Mr. Dolan at the stage door of the Paramount. He will arrange for a few minutes to discuss the matter that you consider of mutual value. Sincerely, R. Vallée."

"You say the left rear wheel is caught in the grape arbor?"

The Eagle on the Hat

IN our simple, childish way, we had always believed that the eagle adorning a fireman's helmet meant something special—the spirit of American enterprise, maybe, or onward to victory. We were wrong. The eagle, it seems, just happened, and has no particular significance at all. Long, long ago, around 1825 to be exact, an unknown sculptor did a commemorative figure for the grave of a volunteer fireman. You can see it in Trinity Churchyard today; it shows the hero issuing from the flames, his trumpet in one hand, a sleeping babe in the other, and, on his hat, an eagle. Now, nobody was wearing eagles at the time; it was a flight of pure fancy on the sculptor's part, but as soon as the firemen saw it they thought it was a splendid idea, and since every fire company in those days designed its own uni-



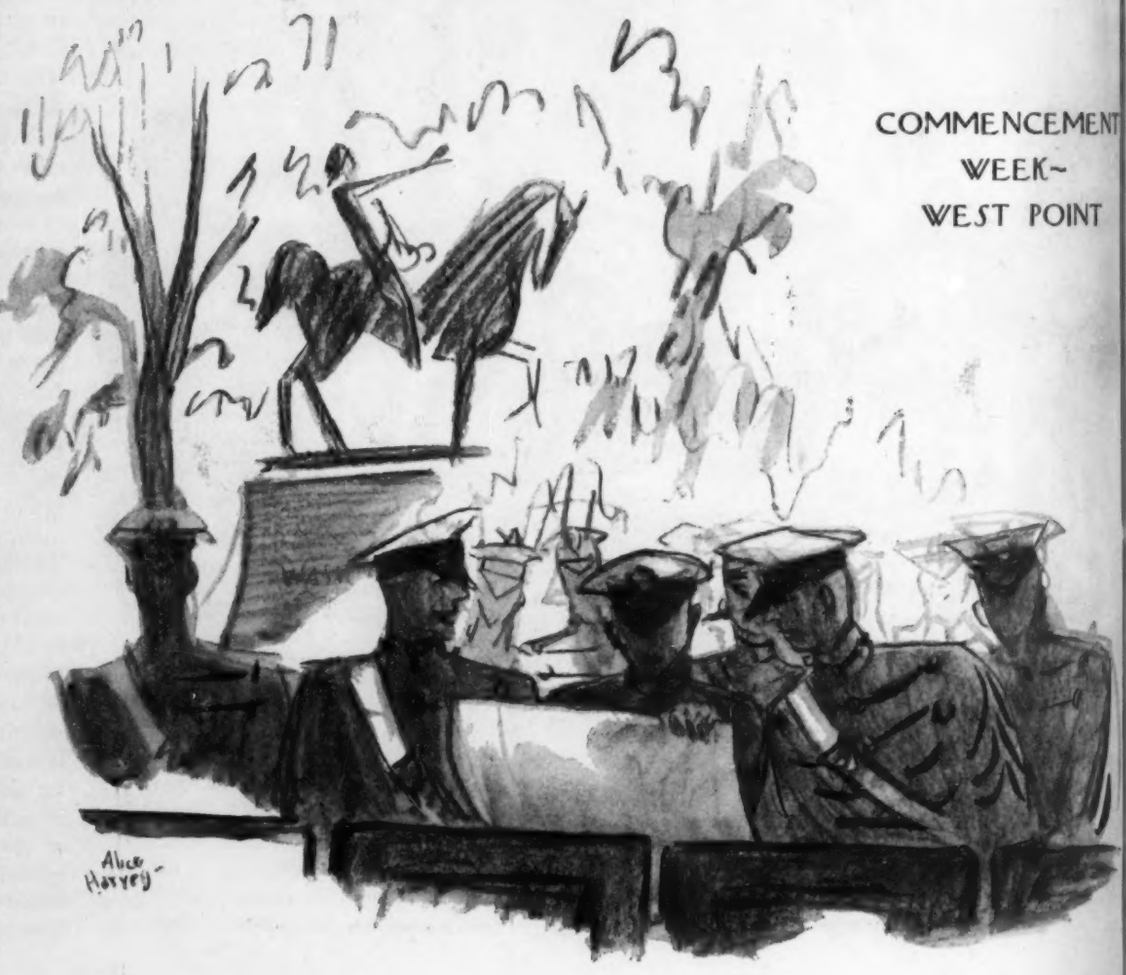
forms, it was widely adopted at once. It has remained on firemen's hats ever since, in spite of the fact that it has been proved, frequently and conclusively, to be a dangerous and expensive ornament indeed. It sticks up in the air. It catches its beak in window sashes, on telephone wires. It is always getting dented, bent, and knocked off. Every so often, some realist points out how much safer and cheaper it would be to do away with the eagle, but firemen always refuse.

We learned all this about firemen's hats in the course of a little talk we had the other day with Mr. John Arthur Olson, of 183 Grand Street. Mr. Olson's father started making hats for firemen in 1867, and Mr. Olson himself has been at it all his life. Recently, he amalgamated with his only rivals, Cairns & Brothers, a few doors down the street; they comprise now the only firm in America in the business. Foreign firemen wear a metal helmet which weighs five pounds, but our fire laddies' hats weigh only thirty ounces. Despite this they give even better protection against falling bricks than the European ones do. They are made of stout tanned Western cowhide, a quarter of an inch thick, hand-sewed, reinforced with leather strips which rise like Gothic arches inside the crown, padded with felt. The long duckbill, or beavertail, effect which sticks out at the rear is to keep water from running down firemen's necks. Hats for battalion chiefs and higher officers are white, everyone else's black. Hook-and-ladder companies have red leather shields (attached just under the eagle), engine companies black with white numerals, the rescue squad blue.

According to Mr. Olson, there isn't much money in making firemen's hats. They sell for eight dollars and seventy-five cents, and as it is all handwork the profit is small. Besides, they last so long—about ten years, on the average. Matter of fact, the only thing that keeps the shop busy is the business of repairing eagles, which are always coming in for regilding, refurbishing. For fixing eagles, the standard rate is one dollar, and has been for generations.

Public Prayer

THE legend that almost any strange person or sight will draw an immediate crowd in New York



was blasted the other day about sunset at the Public Library. A turbaned Oriental came down from upstairs, walked to one end of the lobby, spread out his prayer rug and started his evening prayer in the Moslem fashion, salaaming. A dozen or more people passed by him as they went in and out. None stared, none stopped, and about half took off their hats as they passed the praying man.

A Ride on Lindbergh

IN all the city now there are left only half a dozen of those old-fashioned miniature merry-go-rounds which bring Coney Island right up to your doorstep. Each has its own terri-

tory; by common consent the owners never interfere with each other. Nobody makes much money at the business any more because of the movies, or jazz, or something, but once a merry-go-round man always a merry-go-round man. We gathered this information from one of the proprietors we talked to on a warm day last week in Seventy-fifth Street. He has a new wrinkle this spring which he thinks is going to work out well and help business. He has embellished the neck of each wooden pony with a kind of ornamental collar, bearing the name of a contemporary hero—Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Charlie Chaplin, and, of course, Lindbergh. Dempsey is getting a good many riders and so is Babe Ruth, but Lindbergh tops them all. He is so popular that he has already had to be repainted, because of the wear and tear.

Just to Pass the Time

TWO ladies, both elderly, both eagerly adventuring to Europe, tourist third, found themselves in deck-chairs side by side and struck up an acquaintance. They talked of culture for a while, and then the first lady produced a book—just a light little book by somebody like Peggy Joyce, at whose title the other looked rather disapprovingly. The first lady caught the look, and at once took steps to regain her lost cultural ground. "Silly book," she murmured, smiling apologetically, "but I'm not reading it to retain."

Prizerings by Bartley

MOST of the clever features of the modern boxing ring were invented and patented by the late Frank Bartley, a mechanical engineer who had once been a fighter himself. In one of his fights he was knocked into the water bucket in his own corner. Remembering this experience, he invented the bucket that clamps onto the ring post, where it can be easily turned out of the way. He also invented the little metal stool which, pivoting on a post, can be swung in and out of the ring, saving precious seconds of rest that often used to be lost while nervous seconds fumbled with a wooden stool. There is even a Bartley trick in the way the ropes are set. The two upper ones are in a vertical line, but the bottom one is set back two inches. A fighter backed up against the ropes needs this little space for the slanting angle of the leg he throws back to brace himself.

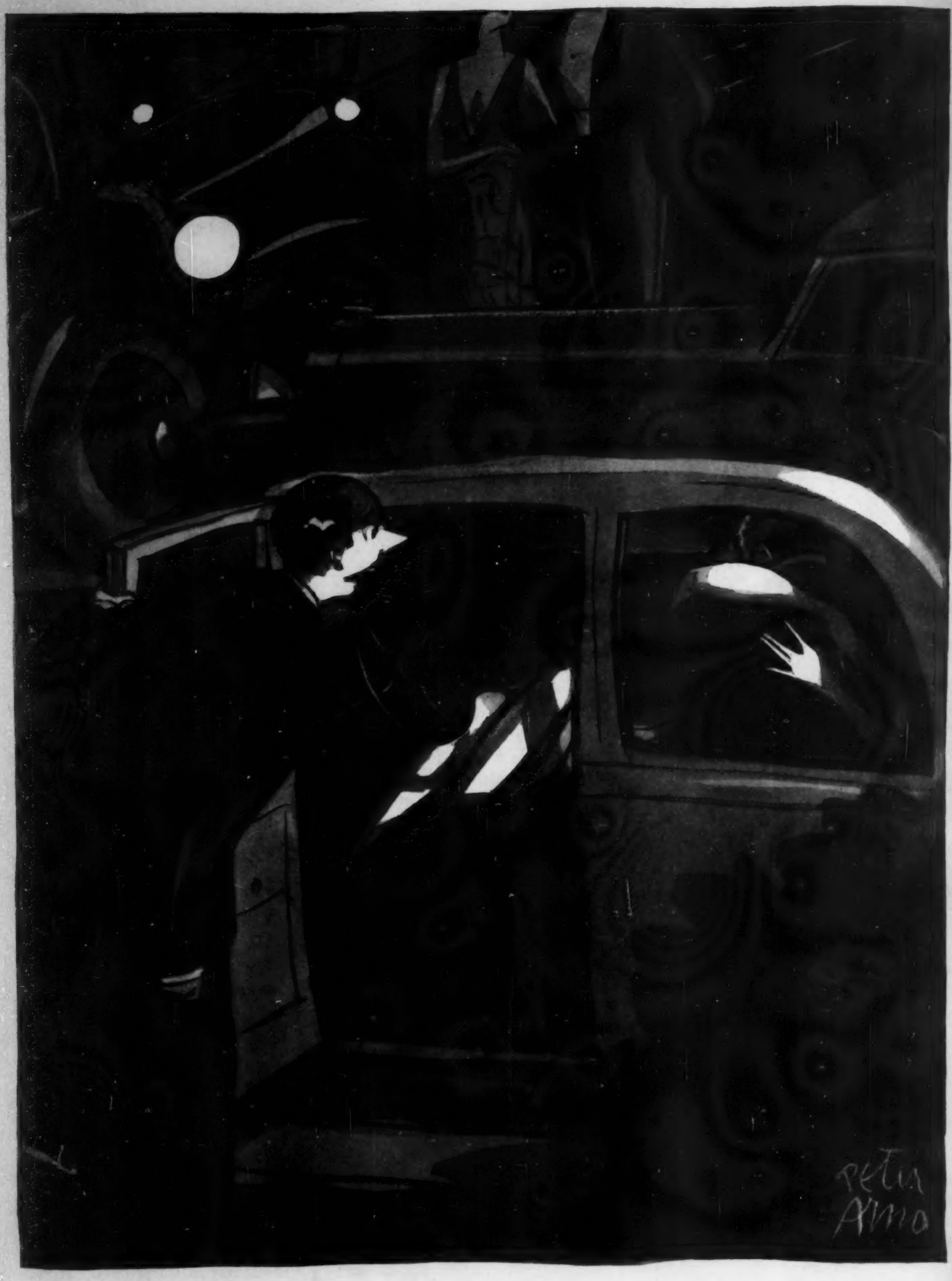
Bartley built his first ring for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight and after that went into ring-building as a business. He set up a factory in Long Island City. When he died recently, leaving the concern to his son, Martin, who still carries it on, his rings and accessories were in use all over this country and in Europe and South America. West Point and Annapolis had installed them, most of the battleships had one, and many of the big hotels. The hotels keep a ring around for amateur boxing, or because it can be set up in a ballroom in a few minutes and, with the posts and ropes left off, be used for a lecture or concert platform.

A Bartley ring is on a steel frame. The beams are set far enough apart to make the floor springy, but they are sturdy enough to support all the people who could crowd into a ring if every inch were occupied. This strength is regarded as necessary for a curious reason. When a rumpus or a riot starts in a fight arena, the crowd is likely to stampede into the ring. Many times in the past milling spectators have been hurt when insecure rings collapsed. Bartley also worked out a felt pad with pneumatic pockets to go under the canvas floor, and now it is unlikely that a fighter knocked down will suffer concussion.

Many of the incidental devices around a prize arena were also worked out and patented by Bartley. One is the huge stopwatch hung on the walls. The face of the watch is divided into four quarters, each quarter a minute interval, and an enormous hand times the three minutes of fighting and one minute of rest. The electric board on which lighted numbers appear to indicate the round is another Bartley idea. This same board in some fight clubs is connected by wire to an electric switch at the ringside and is used to indicate the progress of the count when a fighter has been knocked down. Each time the referee's arm falls an official taps the switch. These taps make the numbers light up on the board—from one to ten, and out.

Gentleman

A SENTIMENTALIST named Jack, who runs a tavern in the Forties, has a black cat which dozes on the bar and is a great favorite of the patrons. A week or so ago the cat was not to be seen and somebody asked Jack where it was. "Well," he said, "I saw she was going to have kittens, so I bundled her into a cab and took her to the Ellin Prince Speyer hospital. It didn't seem right for a cat to have her kittens in a bar, somehow. They say she's doing well; I'm going down and get the family in a few days. It runs into money, of course, but motherhood is motherhood. Two Martinis, you said?" —THE NEW YORKERS



"Er—is that you, Gwendolyn? I believe this is our dance, Gwendolyn."

BOTANY EXAM

HOW many of my little readers, on walking (with an occasional hop, skip, and jump, no doubt) through Central Park have ever been confronted suddenly by what I call "Examination Grove"? . . . I am afraid that I haven't made myself clear.

South of the Reservoir, on the west side of the Park, just before you begin to wonder if it wouldn't be better if you took a cab for the rest of the way, is a little path which wanders with no valid excuse between a line of trees and shrubs in a direction south-by-southeast from that in which you want to be going.

These trees and shrubs have all been labelled in the customary flip manner by the horticulturists, to whom a tree is not so much a tree as a third-declension Latin noun with its modifying adjective, but they have not stopped at this impertinence. Each tree and shrub is hung with a little tag bearing a question, presumably addressed to the hitherto carefree stroller. Thus, the tender sapling on your right not only has to bear its foliage and perhaps a great hulking bird in its branches, but also a sign reading: "How can the leaves of the pink oak be recognized?" Yonder rock which beckons so temptingly to the weary wanderer (known as "Beckoning Rock" among the natives) is made impossible for resting purposes by a tag which demands peremptorily to know: "What kind of moss is found on this kind of rock?" The City of New York in its paternalism, not content with Nature's supply of books in the running brooks and sermons in stones, has taken on itself the task of making examination papers of its trees and shrubs. Could the preceptorial spirit go farther? (Take three minutes to answer this question.)

THE first time I ran upon these posers I was naturally thrown into something of a panic. Being conscientious to a fault in matters of civic duty, I had a feeling that I ought to answer them all before I could pass through the reservation. For years I had been a beneficiary of the City of New York, accepting its police-protection (no tittering, please), its street-lighting and its playgrounds. The least that I could do now was to answer a few simple questions in return.

But the very first one which had caught my attention, attached to a small shrub and reading: "Where is another shrub similar to this, and what is its name?" gave me a guilty feeling of being under suspicion of having hidden the other shrub myself, when, as a matter of fact, this was the first I had known of the whole affair. I retraced my steps, looking for something which might resemble the shrub in question, but there was nothing. I had failed miserably on my very first question, so there was nothing for me to do but take my pencil and write "Sorry" on the tag and go back to the main pathway. All the way home in the cab (I really didn't feel like walking any more after that) I sobbed as if my little heart would break.

Since then I have grown hardened and often walk through "Examination Grove," trying not to look at the questions. But the place is spoiled for me. I cannot pass that rock without thinking: "You don't know what kind of moss is found on that kind of rock. You don't know *any*thing and you never will. Exeter, Harvard, the Sorbonne, Heidelberg—what good did they do you? You don't even know how to recognize the leaves of the pink oak." Often I rush from there to the lake and row furiously about in a boat, trying to relieve my inferiority by an excess of physical exertion, but in my heart I know that Mayor Walker would be just as disappointed in me as he could be, were he to find out how I had failed him.

My nightmare now is that the City of New York, crazed with its success in botany quizzing, will take to popping questions at me about other items of its equipment. Suppose one day I were to come across a hydrant bearing a tag reading: "What pressure would be necessary to project this stream fifty feet through this opening (6 in. diameter)?" or an iron lamp-post asking: "What is the coefficient of linear expansion of this metal?" Imagine my embarrassment! Imagine your own, for you, too, are involved in the menace of this teacher-complex on the part of the City Fathers.

THE only way in which we, as citizens, can get back at our tormentors is to ask them questions in return. We may not be erudite in our questions, but we can be embarrassing. We can put a sign over that hole in Forty-fourth Street asking: "How much macadam would it take to fill up this hole, and why the hell isn't it done?" On every street corner we could stick up little signs reading: "What belongs here for the reception of waste-paper?" and on the backs of some policemen we could pin signs: "What has this policeman been drinking, where did he get it, and did it conform with the Municipal Bureau of Standards' test for 'legal' liquor?" And, of course, if we were mean enough, we could string a banner across Seventh Avenue at the Park Central Hotel asking, in red letters, "Let's see —who was it who killed Arnold Rothstein?"

Oh, there are plenty of questions that we could ask if once we started. We may not know what kind of moss grows on what kind of rock, but we are no fools.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

A VILLA IN BRITTANY

LA TERRASSE

AN accurate description of the terrace of the Villa *Ha! Ça Me Plaît!* would include the green vines that climb over its stone railing, its narrow gravelled surface, and the garden bench and two green iron chairs that Madame Moreau, the *propriétaire*, has thoughtfully provided for the loafing accommodations of her tenants. These features do not, however, sufficiently account for their extreme reluctance to leave the terrace for any purpose whatsoever. It's the sun. All day the sun keeps a benign eye there, courteously passing behind a neighboring grove of evergreens during the hot noon hours as if aware that the warmth of its approval may become too fervent. But the terrace absorbs into its verdant trap all the sunlight it can hold, and asks for more.

Mr. Poulter and Mr. Mott, after breakfasting silently in the parlor (their wives take coffee in bed, and the children are properly segregated in the dining-room), are accustomed to smoke that first indescribable cigarette in the good hot sun and silence of the *terrasse*, chairs tilted back against the cracked stucco of the house, feet upon the railing, and their eyes roving beyond the foreground of woody "*jardin*" to salute what Madame Moreau called in her advance notices "*un peu vue de mer*" ("*très peu; mais, enfin . . .*"). And to heighten by contrast their sense of blessed peace, God sends each morning for their happy contemplation a small green lizard to dart about the railing among the vine leaves, scamper up and down the wall, and pant feverishly. Mr. Mott and Mr. Poulter feel no inquisitiveness whatever about the baby dragon, as the children call him, and to this day are in possession of no scientific fact concerning him. Gratitude, and a hazy, lazy curiosity as to the power that enables him to walk up a wall, are their only sensations in regard to his small activities.

The peace is broken eventually, of course. Sooner or later the villa erupts wives and children, as houses will; and situations arise demanding attention and decision: which beach shall the children go to? How about t e n n i s—this morning or this after? Both questions depend on the best time for swimming, and as nobody can ever remember when the *marée* was *haute* the day before, the tide table has to be consulted—supplied gratis by Monsieur Gros, the local *marchand de couleurs*, for publicity purposes. Touching on the question of ice: that would mean a trip to the village—unthinkable. And the *repurgateur*; one cannot permit Henri to go on indefinitely burying the garbage in the backyard (beside the well, Henri being Henri), and Marthe, the cook, firmly refuses to allow *messieurs et mesdames* to pay the repurgator of Ste. Amélie-s/Mer the outrageous sum of fifteen francs a month to perform his civic function. And finally Mrs. Poulter's daily suggestion—that this is a good chance to take the kids to see the local château, reputed to be the authentic original of many original Bluebeard's castles—has to be firmly and harshly dealt with. Tomorrow will do.

SUCH questions take time to decide, even though the Poulters and Motts are all secretly aware that nothing will be done except to stay right on the terrace. Long before this silent motion is unanimously carried by a sitting vote, the deep voice of Marthe is heard from the subterranean kitchen announcing the arrival of the "milk lady:" "*Les enfants! Le lait!*" A flurry of children rushing by ostensibly for their morning mug-up, really to pat the milk lady's pony; then a further flurry of children leaving for the beach with pails, spades, nets for the *écrevisses*, and Mademoiselle, indicates that the morning is half over and automatically makes the afternoon a more agreeable time for tennis. Everybody heaves a sigh of relief and makes a puritanical pretence of performing useful labor, the kind that does not entail getting up. The wives do a little mending, their husbands praise them, or perhaps even pick a few more prickly seeds out of the steamer rug, useless since the day of arrival, when the children spread it on the lawn in the unfounded assumption that the lawn was sowed to grass and not some species of minute in-boring porcupine quill. They reëstablish the fact that conversation can be quite diverting when the fingers are occupied with the sort of work that leaves the mind free.

Presently 'Zabelle, the waitress, appears, demurely inquires the wishes of *mesdames* concerning next day's luncheon and dinner, and *mesdames* have the annoying problem of housekeeping to deal with. This is quite a strain on the wives, accustomed as they are to the brisk efficient American method of two hours' humoring the cook and telephoning the tradesmen. Here they have actually to read the menu prepared each day by Marthe, consult their husbands ("O.K. . . . Swell. . . . All right by me"), and tell 'Zabelle to tell Marthe that that will be fine. Sometimes, however, a *crise* arises that only the men are competent to meet, as when 'Zabelle announces gravely as she turns to go, "*Il n'y reste plus de gim pour le coquetelle. Messieurs désirent commander encore une bouteille?*" "*S'il vous plaît, Isabelle,*" Mr. Mott (or Mr. Poulter) replies, and the housekeeping is done. Or she may proclaim, with sympathetic joy in her voice, that "Henri comes from descending to the city and has imported some ice from the butchery. Is it that *messieurs* desire a *coquetelle* before the dinner this evening?" "*Ah, bon. Oui, merci, Isabelle.*" The problem of "*gim,*" bought by the bottle and good for a long time, as it should be in France, is not nearly as troublesome as that of ice at Ste. Amélie. True, there is ice: the butcher, one of the cafés, and the fishmarket use it professionally and are jealously proud of their modernity, but for the casual householder it can only be gleaned in trifling chips by the use of prayer, tact, and a skillful opportunism.

THE return of the children and the subsequent reappearance of 'Zabelle bearing *le vermouth* Noilly-Prat and Petits Beurres, prove the morning veritably over, and time for a little nourishment. So, too, think the wasps—*les guêpes*—who begin dropping in promptly with the starting of the cork and show, by trying as one *guêpe* to swarm down the neck of the vermouth bottle before it is poured out, a regrettable lack of table manners. These friendly little insects never sting their hosts, but occasionally, if not

gently disciplined, they get entomological snootfuls and perform their equivalent of slipping under the table, or do aërial stunts their mothers never taught them. Mr. Mott and Mr. Poulter each points out to the other the lesson to be gained from this deplorable exhibition, they congratulate themselves that the morning has not been wasted after all, and the conversation wanders off to Maeterlinck and Fabre—or not, as the case may be—as they go into the dining-room.

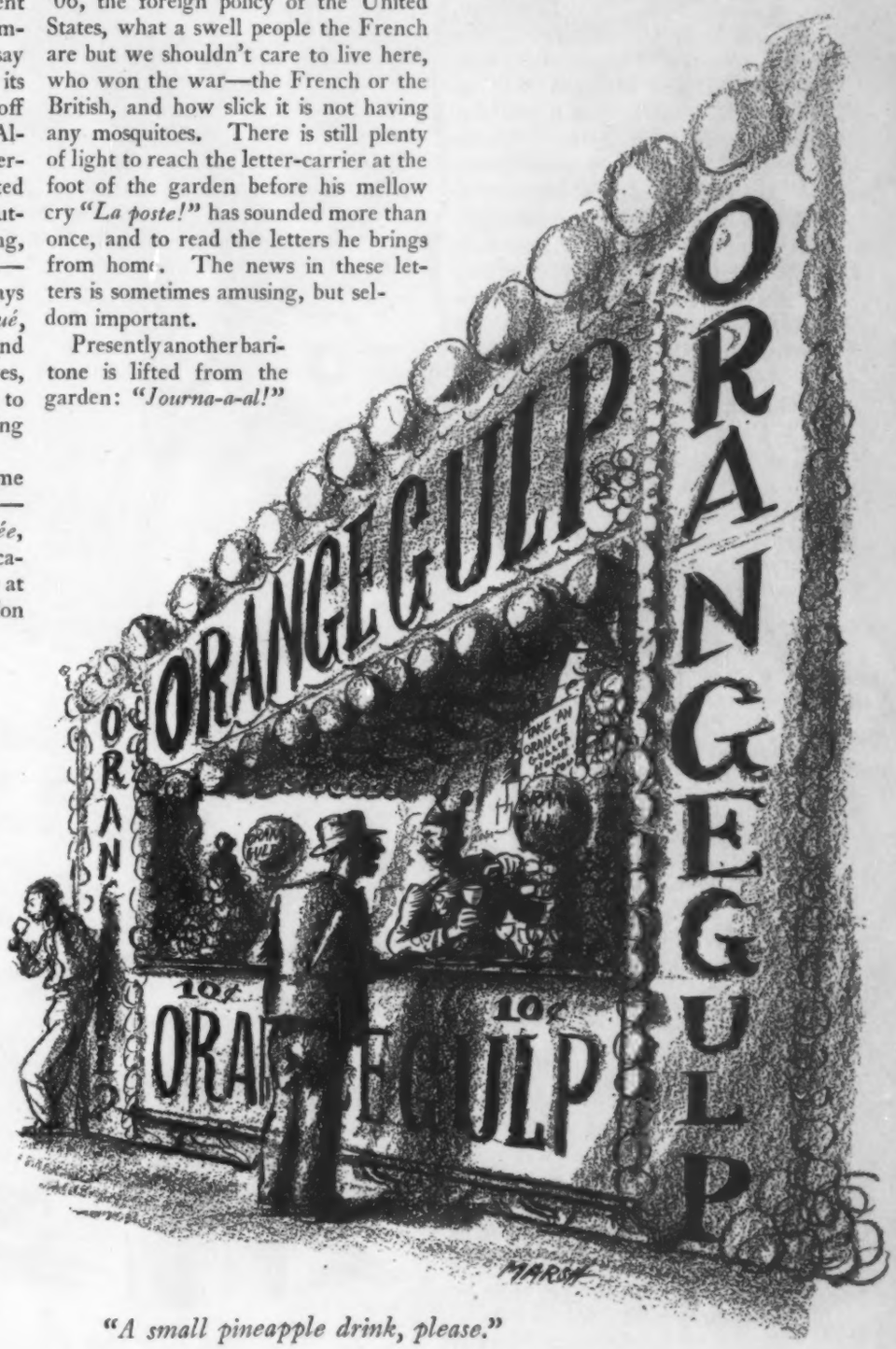
After lunch, eaten with the rousing greed of the truly idle, and a decent interval for rest and inward contemplation—along about three-thirty, say—the *terrasse* gets a little rest on its own account while the *locataires* are off playing tennis and swimming. Although nobody knows just how the terrace occupies its time off, it is suspected of lying back with its waistcoat unbuttoned and its hat over its eyes, snoozing, and swearing strange satisfying oaths—mild ones, suited to the temperate rays of the sun—like *chut*, *dieu soit loué*, *zut alors*, *saperlipopette*, *ha!*, and *dame!*, until the return of the natives, who, needless to say, can hardly wait to start getting caught up on their resting before dinner.

Most evenings, unless there is some event of an especially festive nature—such as *feux d'artifice* on the *jetée*, commemorative of an important occasion in the national history; or a *gala* at the café-casino—there is no temptation to *faire la bombe*, or in fact to do anything but remain on the terrace and pass the time colonially but quietly.

THE Poulters and the Motts had attended their first *gala* at the casino with considerable anticipation of giddy Gallic goings-on, but were disappointed to find it very much like the Wednesday-night dances at the summer hotel at home, except that there were even fewer men and the music was somewhat worse; they discovered, in fact, that M. Larue, the barber, had predicted truthfully in describing the *galas* as being "*gais, mais pas féroces.*" Romance had retreated still further when Mr. Poulter's neighbor at the *boule* table, where he was risking ten francs, had whispered confidentially between plays that Mr. Poulter's trousers would be ready to try on in the morning. They all felt that this somehow struck a note untrue to the Monte Carlo gospel of vice according to Oppenheim.

Thus, except on very special dress-up occasions, they find themselves safe on the *terrasse*, taking their coffee and *fines* or Bénédictines quietly—a dimmer, cooler, more intimately secluded *terrasse* that has the gift of generating sundry *bêtises*, a bubble of flippant wit and, later on, generous talk on large impersonal topics like the place of religion in the modern world, the relative merits of Château Margaux '11 and Musigny '06, the foreign policy of the United States, what a swell people the French are but we shouldn't care to live here, who won the war—the French or the British, and how slick it is not having any mosquitoes. There is still plenty of light to reach the letter-carrier at the foot of the garden before his mellow cry "*La poste!*" has sounded more than once, and to read the letters he brings from home. The news in these letters is sometimes amusing, but seldom important.

Presently another baritone is lifted from the garden: "*Journa-a-al!*" and the bearded newsboy pushes his *vélo* up to the very steps of the terrace and respectfully hands over the Paris *Herald*. This is the last event of the night, but to betting people like the Motts and Poulters a pretty important one, as they have a daily sweepstake on a serial that has been running in the *Herald* since time immemorial, called "The Amazing Adventures of E. Berry Wall." The sweep is based on the rank of the guests who have the honor of being entertained each evening by Mr. Wall. Turning imme-



"A small pineapple drink, please."

diately to the resorts news they find, under "Le Touquet": "Mr. E. Berry Wall was seen strolling near the Café du Soleil accompanied by his prize show dog," but they pass this item up on the ground that show dogs, however prize, are not in the money. Ah! Here we are: "Mr. and Mrs. E. Berry Wall are giving a small dinner tonight at their charming villa 'Mon Désir' in honor of the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne-Laraguais, a recent arrival for the season at Le Touquet. Among their guests are: Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, Mrs. Eames MacVeigh, Lord and Lady Climo, Grand Duke Dmitri, Comtesse Festetics de Tolna, Lieutenant Hullo, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kingsley Macomber, Baron and Baronne Kurt de Pantz, Baroness Emeric de Pflugl, General Sir Skipton, Comte and Comtesse Ladislas de Diesbach de Bellesroches, Mr. Ralph Strassburger, Prince Zurbo, Principessa Margaret de Boncompagni, Comte Guy de Bourg de Bozas, Baronne Giutz, Baronne Hubert de Sancy de Rolland, Major Timm, Princess Dhuleep Singh, Hon. and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Comtesse de Guistet, Mrs. Fuller-Feder, Lady Abdy, Princess Illynski, Mr. B. Pratt."

The scoring is simple: ten for princes, eight for dukes, six for marquises, and so on down to one for American and Argentine millionaires if sufficiently notorious; also two points off for each name that sounds too much like the glittering imagination of the reporter. This evening the Motts and the Poulters are unanimous in feeling that Lieutenant Hullo, Festetics, Emeric de Pflugl, Kurt de Pantz, Boncompagni, and Climo sound rather fishy, and they also vote Mr. B. Pratt two off on general principles, to discourage gate-crashing. In spite of these severe excisions Mrs. Poulter, who had drawn high field, is the winner with a total of eighty.

THE *Herald* is not however thrown away until Mr. Mott has read aloud its only other worth-while feature—Sparrow Robertson's Sporting Column—and contented the company with the news that Sparrow has run into "our old pal Grantland Rice at Harry's Bar, and we are glad to report that old boy Grant is looking as young and handsome as ever." The *Herald* then *is* thrown away, the Poulters and the Motts seek their hard, flat beds, pull up the much-darned, stiff, yellowing linen sheets, and leave the *terrasse* to its familiar moon, the stars, and silence.

—DONALD MOFFAT

"To think I let that slip through my fingers!"

PAUSA

Before the night comes, before the day goes,
In the hesitant hour,
In the season of hesitation, a wind blows
Honey of youth remembered, like a flower
Invisible, to shake the heart's repose.

Before day goes, before night comes, when the reins
Of thought hang slack,
The mind puts by its journey and its pains,
But the troubled heart looks forward, again looks back,
The wine of heaven so charging through the veins.

Before the day ebbs, before the night flows,
In a pause
Strange as the light that narrows toward its close,
Music, against the stern voice of the laws,
Cries out with chilling sweetness once, and goes.

—Babette Deutsch

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE President is going to make the Senators stay after school and pass on the naval treaty. He doesn't seem to care whether the boys ever do their homework.

•

Some extremely high temperatures were recently suffered by our citizens. No blame whatever attaches to the Sharkey-Schmeling affair.

•

The problem of the Sixth Avenue "L" is rapidly nearing solution. The only question that remains is how to tear it down without interfering with the running of trains.

•

The Housing Association of New York, headed by former Governor Smith, has determined to wipe out the slums. It strikes us that Al is taking nothing less than life jobs these days.

•

Blenheim, winner of the Derby, is owned by Aga Khan, a power among the Mohammedans of India. It seems a queer country where the spiritual leaders play the ponies instead of the stock market.

•

This department declines to lend its support to the Father's Day movement engineered by the necktie and cigar interests. It is just papaganda.

•

Some of our publishers protest that the dollar book will benefit only authors of wide reputation. Before long we shall all be laying wreaths upon the tomb of the unknown writer.

•

The Reverend Lon Ray Call carefully explains the vital difference between the two Humanist groups. We hadn't realized that the young movement was already large enough to split.

•

In this time of trouble our sympathy goes out to Mussolini. It must be pretty discouraging to find that he has not scared anybody after all.

•

If anybody leads a charmed life, it is Owen J. Roberts. He was inducted into the Supreme Court on the very day when it was caught up with its work for the first time in ages and leaving for a long vacation.

•

The burning of a house at Southampton caused the destruction of six hundred and forty-three poems submitted in a prize contest. It is feared, however, that all the poets kept carbon copies.

•

In the homicide league Memphis again won the pennant for 1929 and the big ten cities were all Southern. New York, for all its boasted wickedness, was a tail-ender in Class D.

•

Unemployment continues and a lot of good men are looking for work. What with one thing and another, Babe Ruth has wisely decided to earn his wages. —Howard Brubaker

"Please dear—I know all about it's being Flag Day, but don't drink any more!"

DOROTHY AND HARRY

[A STORY FOR CHILDREN, WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH SALLY MORRISON, AGED FIVE, WHO WAS BORED TO TEARS BY ALL THE NICE STORYBOOKS SHE GOT FOR HER BIRTHDAY]

I

MR. GARDINER would not eat anything but dessert, and died. And a girl named Eleanor died. You could hear Harry Gardiner playing the piano. He did not know his father was dead or he would not have played the piano. Eleanor died because she stayed up past her bedtime. She was not sleepy. Her mother came in and put the window up. Harry went outdoors and did not come home for a year. His mother was crazy. Harry met Dorothy when he was away and gave her a rabbit and her father said "Now, what do you say?" and she didn't say anything so her father said "You must say 'Thank you' or give the rabbit back," so Dorothy gave the rabbit back. When it was nice weather Harry brought Dorothy to the castle. She was quite nervous. Harry was nervous from the war.

II

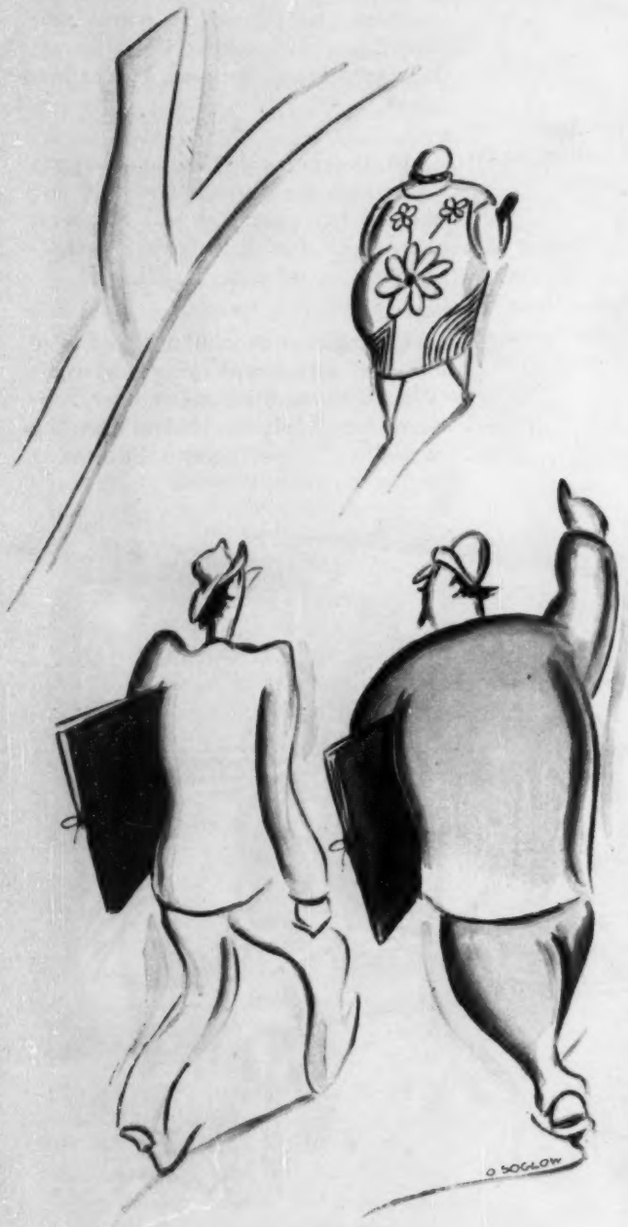
DOROTHY had a croquet set and made Harry play with her. He was quite strong and lost the ball with the red stripe. Harry liked to kiss Dorothy. She liked to kiss her father, who was quite sick. Mrs. Gardiner could do tricks with her fingers, and laughed. Harry was very sad.

III

HARRY went to the hotel which had a Christmas tree with yellow lights. The men had red faces. A man with a sword came in and stuck Harry in the stomach with a sword. Dorothy came to Harry's grave which was in the woods. The lights went out all over town. Dorothy was frightened. Everybody was at church. Dorothy ran into the castle. A man ran after Dorothy. It was past her bedtime. Mrs. Gardiner came and burned the man up. Mrs. Gardiner began to scream and a teamster came in. Dorothy was not cheerful.

IV

DOROTHY went walking all the time. The blue horse died because it did not eat its supper. Somebody killed the brown horse. Jane, the dog, came to live with Dorothy, but Dorothy's father tried to drown Jane's puppies, but was too sick. Dorothy's father could not move. Dorothy went to school. She was very thin and cross. —JAMES THURBER



"There's a little job I did last week."

• •

ADAM AND EVE

Adam found the cantaloupes of Paradise digestible,
Wherefore should he meddle with a fruit beneath the ban?
Eve pronounced the apple a superior comestible—
There's the proper story of the

Fall
Of
Man.

Man throughout the centuries remains the true conservative,
Ancientry he venerates and novelty he loathes;
Faithful to his shabbiness and tenderly preservative,
What he has he treasures and he

Loves
Old
Clothes.

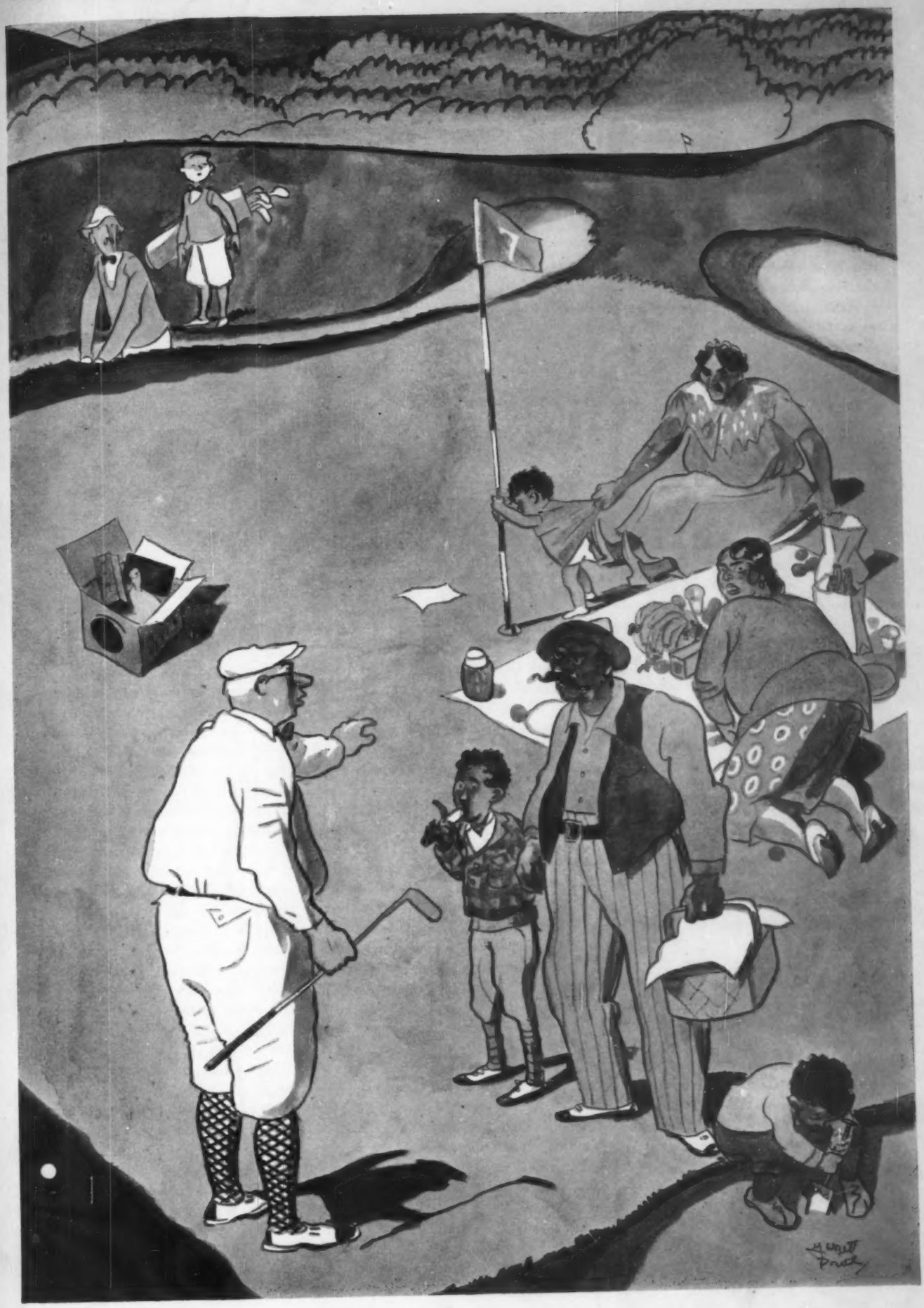
Woman is your radical, sensational and changeable
(Virgil tagged her rightly and her reputation clings);
Nothing is so perfect that it isn't rearrangeable;
Fashion rules her fancy and she

Wants
New
Things.

Adam blessed his idleness; he knew when he was fortunate
Coasting down the cataract or basking in the sun.
Eve demanded prodigies, outrageously importunate:
Adam sighed and shook himself and

Things
Got
Done.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN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PROFILES

WET HOPE

IT would be inaccurate to say that Henry Hastings Curran, who has been certain for more than two years that prohibition repeal lies a scant five years ahead, has many things in common with Buster Keaton. Their only similarity, in fact, is a certain solemnity of expression. The President of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment has a countenance more wooden, if possible, than the exceedingly valuable one of the screen star.

This stolidity was one of Major Curran's political assets back in the days when he still believed himself qualified for public life. His outward decorum repeatedly misled his colleagues on the Board of Estimate, and lulled them into false security. It deceived, among others, the then Mayor, John F. Hylan. His Honor was inclined to view his Republican associate with a jovial tolerance, to murmur "Now, Henry" when the Manhattan Borough President attempted to interfere with the Tammany majority.

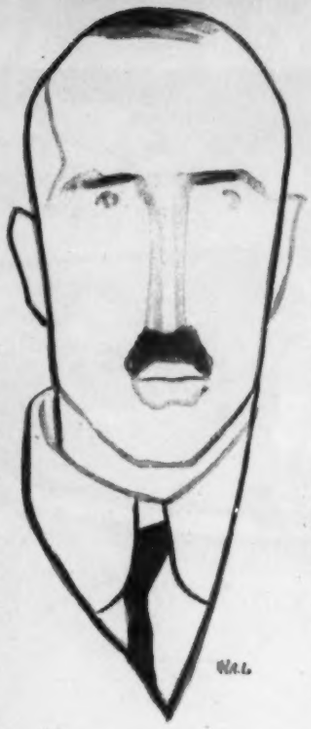
The Mayor eventually learned that Curran's bland exterior concealed wit touched with venom. Not long after his election to the Board in November, 1920, the Manhattan borough president grew bored with the frequent tantrums which swept over the Mayor. One day a citizen was appealing for some project, doubtless on behalf of The Interests, and Hylan grew florid and voluble.

"You remind me of a gargoyle," said Curran, suddenly. "You are always looking down making faces at people."

THE following May the annual police parade was announced, but Curran found that he had not been included among the officials receiving the customary engraved invitations. A day or two later he made public a letter he had addressed to one William H. Tomlinson. It appeared that Mr. Tomlinson (I scent an odor of collusion in the correspondence) had asked for a pair of grandstand seats. Curran replied, sadly, that he had none. Always before, he wrote, the Board of Estimate had "assembled in high hats and long coats and lightened the darkness of their attire by the little quips and cracks and jokes for which they are so famous." This year, alas, he would not be among them.

"His Honor has not invited me," the letter stated. "Is it because I once said that he made me think of a gargoyle? How bitterly I regret those words, for now I am not to be there.

"If you will meet me at Fourteenth Street, however, there is a large hydrant on which we can both sit and watch His Honor march by with his Special Deputies and the real policemen. If we applaud, I am sure he will take off his high hat and bow to us—unless he sees who we are. And, if Pollyanna were there, she would tell us to think of Robinson Crusoe and Cinderella, and poor Ben Gunn and the toad and the jellyfish. We can talk of many things—how cabbages are kings—as His Honor goes by."



Henry Hastings Curran

Major Curran was at the hydrant, surrounded by photographers, on the day of the parade. His face was as expressionless as ever, although Tomlinson, perched beside him, seemed slightly overcome by the notoriety. In due time the shining top hats of the Mayor and his special deputies swept up Fifth Avenue. As they approached the hydrant, Curran and Tomlinson stood up, bared their heads, and cheered loudly. The Mayor heard. He turned toward them, beamed a political beam, waved the flag he carried, and raised his hat. Being somewhat nearsighted, he had not recognized the figures at the hydrant. The cheers, he thought, came from The People.

They were gaudy days at the City Hall, those fading ones of the Age of Hylan. Today's smooth harmony, though lightened by the Broadway wisdom of Mayor Jimmie, is dull in comparison. Giants—of invective—sat behind the mahogany dais when Henry Curran was in the Board of Estimate. Craig was there, choleric and crafty, seldom agreeing with anyone, disliking La Guardia and the Mayor with impartial enthusiasm. Excited citizens constantly waved their arms and engaged Mayor Hylan in what, to a rural visitor, must have seemed hog-calling contests. From audiences which packed the chastely Colonial meeting-room came cries of "Throw him out!," "We want a five-cent fare!" Only rarely did Curran join in the brawls. From beneath drooping eyelids, he silently studied papers in front of him or stared vacantly at the crystal chandelier. The storm beat around his head, but his mind dwelt on higher things. It was from these trances that he would awake to murmur something which proved, when they understood it, exceedingly annoying to his confreres.

A WOODEN countenance and a rather nice sense of humor are not enough, though, to insure lasting renown in political life. Curran has, in addition, excellent abilities as an executive. But his wit is too cerebral, too literary to be of much political value. He rarely tells funny stories, and he is one of the worst public speakers among those nominated for high office by the G.O.P. In private conversation he is bad enough. His words barely carry across the desk, but drop into the inkwell. On the platform, he may sound ringing declarations, but no one beyond the first few rows can hear him. Nor is his appearance distinguished. His hair, what remains of it, is getting white. His mustache is gray. He looks dignified, respectable, faintly dull.

He is happier as head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment today than he ever was in politics. Party lines are ignored. Democrats and Republicans—even an occasional Right-Wing Socialist—march arm in arm as brothers under a banner proclaiming that the Eighteenth Amendment shall die. Even by heredity, Curran was not destined for partisan politics. His father, who was an attorney, broke with the Republican Party in 1884 following the turbulent convention in Chicago which resulted in the nomination of the "Plumed Knight," James G. Blaine. He joined the ranks of those Theodore Roosevelt, who had been at the convention, called "infernal Mugwumps," and voted for Cleveland. The elder Curran remained

a Democrat, but in 1898 his son chanced to hear this same Roosevelt, by now a candidate for governor of New York, make a speech. This proved so inspiring that until 1909 he was a Republican in local politics and a Democrat, because of the tariff, in national affairs. In 1909, a progressive Republican bloc in Congress indorsed tariff revision, so Curran signed up. The party honored him, first as alderman and finally by handing him the mayoralty nomination in a city overwhelmingly Democratic, yet Curran was never wholly at ease in his allegiance.

BORN in 1877, Curran is that rarity, a native New Yorker. He was a rather serious youth who did well enough at school and entered Yale in 1894. He pursued his studies diligently, earned most of his expenses, rowed on the scrub crew, and was so busy that he escaped the martial contagion of the Spanish-American War in the spring of his senior year. Patriotic maidens brazenly permitted red, white, and blue petticoats to be seen on windy corners. Sentimental ladies murmured *"Cuba libre,"* and wept as their heroes left for the Six Months' War. Curran preserved his calm and received his degree while more adventurous classmates stormed San Juan (if it *was* San Juan) Hill. After graduation, he enrolled at the New York Law School and got a job on the *Tribune* at the same time. Ever since 1890, when his father died, he had been pretty much on his own. One of his jobs at Yale was to call at the home of an invalid lady each night and, for four dollars a month, carry her up two flights of stairs. He received a daily bonus of an apple and a Bible tract.

Curran was admitted to the bar in 1901, and began a decade during which he was torn between a desire to practice law and an equal urge to write. He did both, after a fashion. For a time he searched titles. Then he returned to the *Tribune*. Meanwhile, in 1905, he had been married to Miss Frances Ford Hardy of Seattle. Curran does not appear to have been moving too rapidly along the road to success in those years; perhaps this was due to his divided loyalties. There was still a third, in addition to the Law and Letters. He made some campaign speeches for Seth Low, who was running for mayor in 1903, with the result that Mr. Low was defeated. In 1910, living in West Eleventh Street near Fifth Avenue, Curran was nominated for Congress and suffered his first defeat. The following year he went to the Board of Aldermen.

Curran brought to this discredited legislative body a degree of energy and intelligence which made him an effective minority member. In 1912, he forced through a resolution for in-

"But suppose I shouldn't care for the little-known fastnesses of Zambesi?"

vestigation of the Police Department. With the assistance of Emory Buckner, who was later to be the scourge of wicked New York wets, he uncovered evidence relating to the Rosenthal murder. Instead of submitting an endless, dull report, Curran summarized the findings in a well-written pamphlet. The public, actually reading it, learned a good deal about vice, graft, and other unpleasant things. So, in 1913, John Purroy Mitchel, a Fusion selection, succeeded Gaynor at City Hall.

Working amicably with Mitchel and effecting minor reforms, Curran remained as alderman during the reform administration. Just before Mitchel was followed by Hylan in 1917 he appointed Curran a city magistrate, but the war came and so his service on the bench was brief. He attended a Plattsburg camp, was commissioned, went into the Argonne with the Seventy-seventh Division, and returned home with the rank of major. He prefers to be known by his military title instead of insisting on "Judge," as do most of those who have served, ever so briefly, as city magistrate. In the fall of 1919 he surprised everyone, including himself, by defeating the Tammany candidate for borough president of Manhattan. In 1921 came his futile candidacy for the mayoralty. Instead of treating Hylan with amused scorn, as he had shown himself able to do, Curran spoke at length and solemnly on Major Issues. He attempted to be constructive. Before the campaign ended he was addressing half-filled halls on "The Home and the School." He was saying—a perfectly obvious truth—that Hylan was Hearst's puppet. The result was a Tammany victory of unprecedented size.

PRESUMABLY an attorney who had been candidate for mayor would receive lucrative partnership offers. Perhaps Curran had been away from his profession too long. Perhaps he really wanted to try a literary career. If legal offers came, he turned them down. Soon there appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* a series of stories relating the adventures of an estimable young man named Van Tassel, who had courageously left his home in the elegant Murray Hill section (Mr. Curran was writing of an era a decade or so ago) to enter politics. Van Tassel, like Curran himself, first became an alderman, but the biographical note is vague if present at all. The stories demonstrate, though, a degree of confusion regarding the minutiae of politics. Van Tassel achieves election by doing good deeds, and scorns such Tammany Hall crudities as gifts of coal at Christmas. Yet the politicians who are loyal to him speak in such phrases as "I wantcha ter listen," "We gotta be quick," "I'll look out fer the kegs." Curran also wrote some essays for the *Saturday Evening Post* with the title "John Citizen's Job."

It is obvious that Curran was successful enough as a writer. In 1923, however, he abandoned his typewriter. The Republican Party had taken belated recognition of his sacrifice in running for mayor, and he became Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island. Once again, life became tranquil. He was getting the immigration service on an efficient basis when, in 1926, the Countess Cathcart set sail for the Land of Opportunity. Everything, as Curran plaintively remarked later on, would have been all right had the Countess had any sense. When questioned on arrival, she might just as well have said she was single. She was. Instead, she told an inspector that she had been divorced because of a little incident with the Earl of Craven, and so a big, big "D" had to be placed beside her name. This led to questions; the Countess admitted being the guilty party. A special Board of Inquiry branded her with Moral Turpitude and said she was unfit to enter. Curran's head bowed beneath the storm. He conceded that it was idiotic. He called upon Congress to change the law. No one knew, he admitted, what Moral Turpitude was.

"You can make your choice," he said, "all the way from murder to a glass of beer." A crime in one part of the world was virtue in another. Adultery was a crime in a few states, but not everywhere in the United States. It was not, generally, a crime abroad. But what could he do about it? The authority in the case lay at Washington.

"The only trouble with this park is you can't see no clock."

In the end, the Countess was admitted. The nation survived and Curran, who had taken all the abuse, was the only sufferer. He had resolved to quit Ellis Island as soon as he could find another job. Thus he jumped at an offer to become counsel to the City Club. In this capacity he protested against civic extravagance, agitated on behalf of parks and playgrounds, attended hearings at City Hall. The post contented but did not excite him. Meanwhile prohibition had become a major issue and Curran, who had hitherto watched the fight against it from the outside, became indignant over the abuses. James W. Wadsworth, a classmate at Yale, was also indignant and had been defeated for the Senate because he had dared to express his views while campaigning as a Republican. Wadsworth then became active in the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. In 1928, the Association decided to expand its activities and Curran became president at twenty-five thousand dollars a year. This was a pleasant increase over his salary at the City Club, but he insists that he would have accepted even if it had been lower.

He settled down to a life which satisfied him completely. He was close enough to politics to satisfy his interests in that direction. He owed no party allegiance, and in 1928 could announce that he would vote for Al Smith although both parties had, regarding prohibition, "their heads in the sand like an ostrich." His income was large enough to end all financial worries and he had time to play tennis once or twice a week at the Ardsley Club. Instead of being denounced by such local figures as Hylan, Curran found himself attacked by nationally known headliners: Bishop Cannon, McBride of the Anti-Saloon League, Mrs. Ella Boole, Deets Pickett. From time to time Curran would publish some report on liquor-control systems in other countries. He would occasionally make an address.

IT was all too calm and peaceful. The membership of the Association grew. It was respected for integrity but it was offering little militant leadership in the wet movement. There were some who thought the methods of the Association too restrained. The dry majorities in Congress remained unaffected, and it was even whispered that Curran was too slow-moving for so noble a cause. In April, 1930, all this was changed. The Senate Lobby Committee began an investigation of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. Its files were ransacked, and Curran was summoned to Washington for a seven-day cross-examination.

Everyone supposed that he would be a competent witness, that he would keep his temper, and avoid disastrous mistakes, but Curran surprised even his close friends. The outward lethargy was still there; his eyelids drooped as usual. The majority of hostile drys on the committee inspired him, though, to a force he had not shown even during moments of irritation toward Hylan in the Board of Estimate. He became aggressive, outspoken, brilliant. He stepped nimbly out of traps laid for him by the blustering Caraway of Arkansas. The Association, he said, now had one hundred and fifty thousand members and it was adding new ones by the hundred each week. It had spent four hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars during 1929. It planned to spend one million dollars this year.

The money would be used, he repeatedly boasted, to stage campaigns against dry members of Congress in the approaching elections. At this point Walsh of Montana, who is dry and yet must seek reëlection in a wet state in November, moved uneasily. Curran had no mercy. The current Congress, he repeated, was the driest America would ever see. The tide had turned. The Eighteenth Amendment would be repealed in five years. —HENRY F. PRINGLE

•

"And when I got home, there he was, writing a novel."

•

This little daughter of Italian emigrant parents was sketched by Miss Ryerson as she took a noonday nap.—*The Evening Post.*

That being the way of a lot of artists we know.

THE THEATRE

HOT-WEATHER FARE

IF the season of 1929-30 ended two weeks ago, then the new season must have begun last week. Perhaps we had better call it the "summer season," for it would hardly have been right to open a brand-new season with "Spook House." It would hardly have been right to open *any*thing with "Spook House," not even "Spook House."

Those of us who bear the scars of many openings remember a drama entitled "Love's Call," by Joe Byron Totten, which, if memory serves aright (and I have no reason to believe that it does), was a contributory cause of the demolition of the old Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. After the opening of "Love's Call," when it was discovered that the audience had been screaming with laughter instead of more sympathetic emotions, there was some attempt made by the management to claim that, like Mr. Cohan's "The Tavern," it had all been a gigantic hoax with the intention of being funny. The attempt was not a success, and they tore down the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. But it would be well if Mr. Totten, who has now written "Spook House," should make a similar claim of satirical intention in his present "mystery play," for people are going to laugh anyway.

Somehow a good actor like Mr. Leo Donnelly finds himself sneaking around in a thing like this, as good actors so often do. He is practically alone in his misfortune, however, for the rest of the cast, with the possible exception of Miss Dorothy Blackburn, seem to deserve just what they got. Everyone is called upon to do a great deal of eavesdropping and double-crossing, and a green hand holding a knife has practically uninterrupted use of a sliding panel in the back wall. In the first act a great many people are called "You rat!" but they are killed off as time wears on, probably much to their relief.

Just as a biological note in connection with "Spook House," no actor named Wilfred Lytell could look so much like Bert Lytell and not be his brother. They could have used him a couple of seasons ago in "Brothers" and saved Bert all that rushing around backstage doubling for himself.

THE first and second "Garrick Gaieties" were so successful that they spoiled their own chances of following with a third, as most of the young folks were offered real jobs on Broadway and the company broke up. This year, for the first time since 1926, they have been able to herd together enough of the twenty-five-year-old veterans to join forces with the Class of 1930 *Landsturm* and put on a show. The third "Garrick Gaieties" may be grouped with the second as not being so good as the first, but it is certainly worth seeing.

Of the original stock company we have back Messrs. Sterling Holloway, Philip Loeb (with his makeup still damp from "June Moon"), and James Norris, and the Misses Edith Meiser and Hildegarde Halliday. From the lamented "Grand Street Follies" comes Albert Carroll, with a new and devas-

"To the Gods—to the Fates—to the Rulers of Men and their Destinies . . ."

au matin

The sublime fragrance of the early hours
...when flowers unfold to the sun...
achieves a rare and exquisite kinship
in this new parfum and this poudre.

• • •

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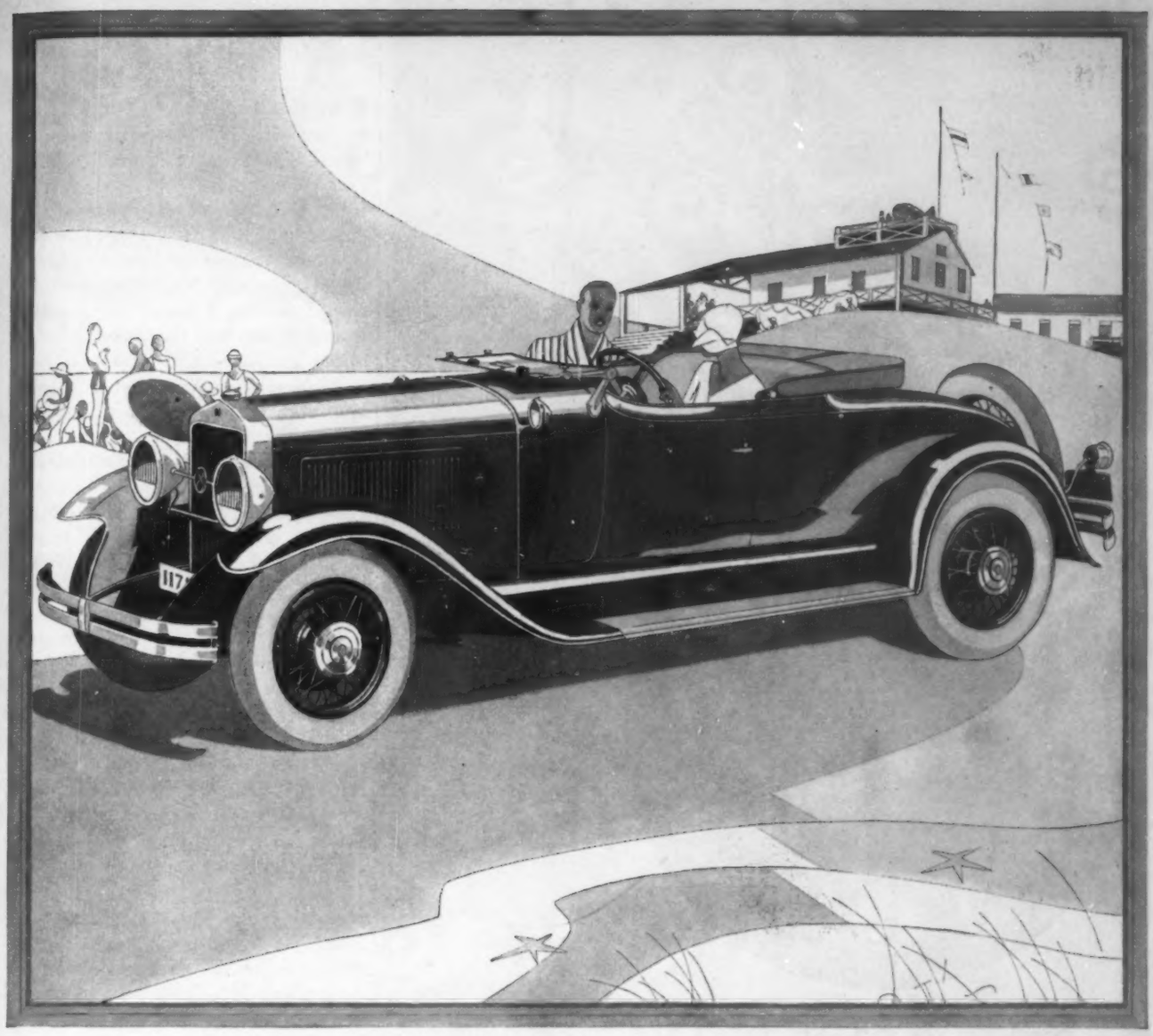
◆

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

tating burlesque of that old Chinese lichee-crooner, Mei Lan-fang, and from the night-club school Miss Nan Blackstone with a voice adapted to singing sullen torch songs "in one." There are dozens of fledglings whose names the program bids us take note of in order that, in later years, we may say that we "knew them when." Note is hereby made.

The most noticeable hole in the line-up is that left by the Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, although some of the numbers are nice and some of the lyrics amusing. The song "Johnny Wanamaker" (written by Paul James and Kay Swift, authors of "Can't We Be Friends?" from last year's "Little Show") is a piece of genuine political satire, a thing practically never found in these days of almost constant political satirizing. It comes at the conclusion of an equally bitter and searching sketch by Newman Levy called "They Always Come Back," which has, as its *motif*, the return of our late Police Commissioner, "the gardenia of the Law," to his old job, thereby proving the store's slogan that "anything can be returned." This scene alone would be sufficient to mark the "Garrick Gaieties" as superior entertainment.

AS is always the case in such productions (or in any productions, for that matter), about half an hour can come out and nobody be the worse off. Practically twenty-eight minutes of this can come out of a burlesque modernistic opera which opens the second act, for, although it is highly intelligent in its musical parody, it is, for that very reason, just as tiresome as the thing it parodies. I personally would prefer to have the time taken up with some more of the imitations with which the closing chorus begins. We have just a flash of Mr. Carroll's art, and a startling bit of Hope Williams from Miss Thelma Tipson, a dash of Helen Kane by Jo Myers, and an excellent tipping of Chevalier's hat on the head of William Tannen. Then the imitations are over, and they shouldn't be, especially as each one of the four seems to be endowed with considerable talent in that line. Incidentally, if young Mr. Tannen is endowed with any of his Papa Julius' talent at impersonation he ought soon to be the best in the land. I have been screaming for Papa Julius Tannen to get up and do his imitations for five years now and I intend to keep on screaming until he does. I don't remember where it was that I saw him do William Gillette, but I know that



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DEAUVILLE SANDALS

last year, in "Sherlock Holmes," I thought that William Gillette was Julius Tannen.

I WAS a little worried when I heard that they were actually going to bring "Lysistrata" to New York, for I had more or less shot my personal works in its favor after seeing it in Philadelphia and had an ominous feeling that I should be held to account. After seeing the New York performance, however, I am perfectly willing to take my share of the responsibility for having sponsored it. I want it distinctly understood, however, that I hold no brief for the weather on the opening night.

As a matter of fact, "Lysistrata" is better than it was when I saw it in Philadelphia. The first act is shorter; the pace is better; the comedy is more finished and the one or two slightly embarrassing features have been removed. Violet Kemble Cooper, while lacking the twinkle of Fay Bainter in the twinkly scenes, is more the Grecian type in voice and appearance and wears a helmet with great distinction. As near as I could detect, the rest of the cast is the same, and Mr. Truex is even funnier. On seeing it a second time, one realizes how really keen Mr. Seldes has been in his adaptation of an ancient script into a modern tongue. (I could only wish that the quotation from Euripides had not been made to sound so much like Kipling, even though it be exactly so in the text.) And about Mr. Geddes' production I certainly can say no more than I have already said while swooning over it a month ago.

I would suggest that members of the audience wait until the performance is actually over before they begin sidling out into the aisles, for the loveliest visual feature of the production comes in the bacchanal at the very end. I wish that I might think up something equally effective to end this article with, but I am afraid that bacchanalia, at any rate, *lovely* bacchanalia, are a little out of this department's line.

—Robert Benchley

•

M. J. SOLOMONS is now on his way to Paris. Watch for further developments.

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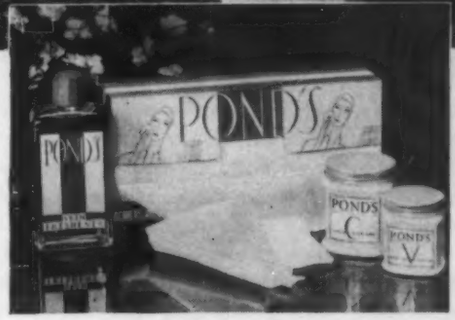

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE MAHARAJAH'S EAR-RINGS

PARIS, MAY, 1930

WHEN you sit on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, you hear many tales and in the pleasant May sunshine you believe them all. There was, for example, the tale I heard there just the other day about the ear-rings which the Maharajah brought with him to Paris.

The scene of the story is a gleaming jewel-shop in the Place Vendôme, so strategically placed that, when the sun in the heavens goes into partnership with M. Boucheron, the windows of the shop wink suggestively at fair ladies coming out of the Ritz across the way and fill their pretty heads with thoughts of gems and stratagems. The time of the story is some nine or ten years ago, when all the dark corridors of Europe were full of conspiratorial whispers about the Russian crown jewels.

Ever since the days when merchants from far bazaars turned their catlike steps towards Egypt, with precious stones for Cleopatra hidden in their turbans, jewelers have ever had the world enmeshed in an invisible web along whose sensitive filaments word still spreads from Tokio to Amsterdam whenever a great stone changes hands. But, for a brief time during and after the war, a part of the web was torn and only rumors could leap the chasms that yawned along the old frontiers. Rumors of Romanoff treasure—now here, now there. Rumors that the crown jewels themselves, smuggled to some hiding place, had since been stolen by this or that daredevil, who was even then making his way across Europe in disguise and might on any day—or, more probably, on any night—knock at some merchant's gate and, once inside with the curtains drawn, pour onto the table a cascade of bloodstained brilliance, beyond description and beyond price.

Since that nightmare time, it has been learned that, of such Romanoff jewels as were ever worth the danger of a slit throat, the best, properly enough, had never once slipped through the strong talons of Moscow. But before this was known for sure, rumor played sportively with such a chance as might come once in an era and it seems probable to me that there was not a great jeweler in Antwerp, London, Berlin, Paris, or Amsterdam who, for months on end, did not keep a nervous store of hidden cash in his own home on the chance that, in the middle of the night, the Russian crown jewels would come tapping at his door.

BUT that is a digression and after all this was to be the story of the Maharajah's emeralds—of certain ancient and beautiful pendants which sailed in secret from Hindustan, landed at Marseille, came up to Paris and then, quite suddenly, slipped through the net of the web, not to be seen again from that day to this. The known part of the story begins at the moment when a sleek Hispano-Suiza came to rest at the curb in front of the Boucheron door on the Rue de la Paix. From it there alighted a slim, gray-haired man whose elegance was somehow emphasized, and therefore heightened, by the sling of black silk in which his right arm rested. In the shop, he sent his card in to the great Boucheron himself, explaining that he, the Comte de Marnac, had been a schoolmate of his forty years before and bespeaking the favor of a brief interview. The name had the force of a password and, after the usual amenities about the flight of the years, the visitor was soon outlining his problem to the sympathetic merchant.

Perhaps M. Boucheron had read of Elise de Marnac's approaching marriage? Yes, a cousin. And it seems that eight members of the family had decided in conclave that, instead of each sending some unsubstantial wedding present, they would pool their resources in a single gift of some magnificence. They had further decided in favor of jewelry and here was de Marnac himself, armed with full power to make the selection. The only restriction was that the gift must cost not more than thirty thousand louis. Close to three-quarters of a million francs! M. Boucheron's sympathetic attention quickened. He spoke of pearls. The Count rather thought not. Too obvious. Too routine. In fact he had rather set his heart on something at once more modest and more distinguished. Rubies, perhaps. Or emeralds. A collar of emeralds, perhaps? Or ear-rings?

But that was too extraordinary! By the oddest chance, within that very week—they had just been cleaned and had not yet been shown to any customer—Boucheron's had bought a unique pair of emerald ear-rings. One must be discreet—the name must go no further—a certain Maharajah had been visiting Paris. On the eve of his departure for India, he had elected, for reasons at which one could only guess, to part with these heirlooms for ready money. See, here they were—great pendant lamps of green, clasped in ancient gold of intricate, curious, and most exquisite design. There was nothing quite like them anywhere in the world. The house had thought to ask forty thousand for them, but—well, for the sake of old times—the Count could have them for the sum stipulated.

The Count was frank in his delight—frank in his disinclination either to haggle or to look further. If he were the only purchaser to be considered, the ear-rings would leave the shop that very day in his pocket. Would M. Boucheron be good enough to hold them for a week during which he could round up the family for the purposes of ratification? On that arrangement he started to go, but second thoughts brought him back from the door. Such a referendum would be sheer formality. After all, the choice had been left to him and he was satisfied. Still—perhaps M. Boucheron would extend the privilege of returning them within a week? But of course. Ah, then he would pay for them at once and take them with him. He would first go home and fetch the money—or, better still, send his chauffeur for it and himself look about a bit under M. Boucheron's guidance.

The chauffeur had already been fetched in from the curb when the Count recalled the recent injury to his arm and, for the emergency, converted the willing jeweler into an amanuensis. In the note which he then dictated, his dear Mimi was instructed by her Georges to turn over to the bearer thirty thousand of the louis she had in her keeping. M. Boucheron thought

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WITH a home-made motor Orville Wright flew a hundred yards in 1903. Last year another Wright-motored airplane crossed this continent and returned—a world's record of 7,200 miles—without once touching the earth!

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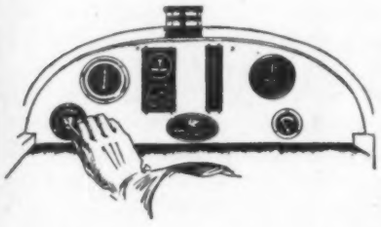
To see for yourself why this is so, drive out to an Airport where Wright has installed one of its numerous Field Service Plants. Let a mechanic tell you how his engine works and you'll easily understand why its simple design and control makes it easy to fly.



For the control of a Wright engine is actually as simple as that of your car. It can be started with a self starter . . . idles or races with an easy throttle touch . . . stops at a turn of the ignition switch. There are no gears to confuse you.

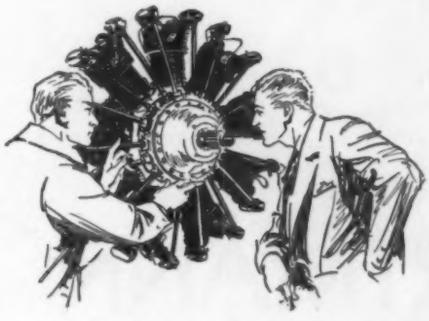
In operation, however, it differs somewhat because for hours it can deliver 70 to 80 percent of its power. Also, plane engines can accelerate instantly from idling to full throttle speed, and run as smoothly at ground level as they do miles above the earth. That's why the precision, endurance, and adaptability shown by Wright engines in famous flights is essential in your own airplane power plant.

Yet aircraft motors aren't high speed motors . . . for *power*, not speed, is needed aloft. A "Whirlwind" turns 2,000 times a minute to produce 325 horsepower, while many automobile engines must revolve 3,000 times to develop 100 horsepower. And the simplified air-cooled design of all five Wright engine models decreases weight to the amazing ratio of less than 2 pounds per horsepower, as against 10 in the average car motor!

Such facts as these, and many more, are the reason why Aviation has developed around Wright engines . . . and why those who know demand that their planes be powered by Wright!

In structure, too, "Whirlwind" engines are as simple as your car's. They are of the fixed radial type with cylinders—5, 7 or 9—arranged spoke-like around a central crankcase and crankshaft. The crankshaft has but one crank, while most automobile crankshafts have one for each cylinder. Your car's crankshaft is coupled direct from each piston to the crank, but in the "Whirlwind," a single master connecting rod is the only direct connection with the crankshaft.

And like your car, the "Whirlwind" operates on the four cycle principle, each cylinder firing every other revolution. But its firing reliability is double that of your car because it has two separate ignition systems, each cylinder equipped with two spark plugs, fired by separate magnetos.



Lindbergh . . . Byrd . . . Chamberlin . . . Kingsford-Smith . . . a host of famous flyers have already demonstrated the utter precision and reliability of Wright power plants. Now ask a Wright mechanic to demonstrate their ease of operation to you. Then you'll be even more convinced that it's easy to fly . . . and soon you'll ask about personal instruction, which in its next advertisement Wright will describe.

This is No. 5 in a series of Plain Talks on Flying. If you have missed any, write for booklet reprinting the entire set. Address

WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION

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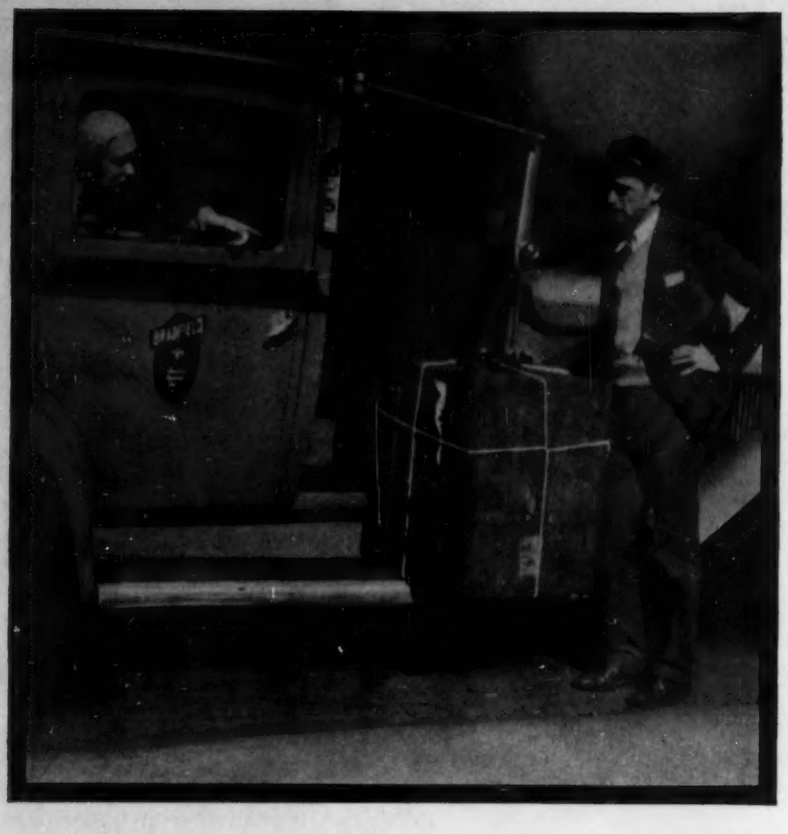

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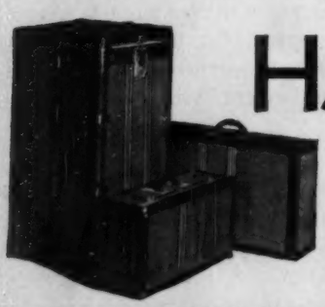
Packing's been banished, of course. A complete wardrobe slips casually into your Hartmann without fuss or effort, and comes out crisp—fresh looking—ready for action at a moment's notice.

You'll like them immensely. Like their gay, colorful finishes—the obvious excellence of materials... the painstaking craftsmanship in them. And you'll find their wide range of sizes and models interesting. Prices $35 to $450. See them.



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Gimbel Brothers
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Mark Cross Co.
Sam Nathans
Abraham & Straus

to object that she might refuse to honor a draft in a strange handwriting.

"You will reassure her that the note comes from me," the Count explained to his chauffeur, who understood. Twenty minutes later the money had arrived and been deposited in the Boucheron safe and the emeralds of the Maharajah were driving off through the traffic of the Place de l'Opéra.

That evening, when the great jeweler reached home, his wife, whose pet-name—as my more instinctively criminal readers will already have guessed—was Mimi, awaited him eagerly.

"My dear Georges," she demanded. "Don't keep me in suspense. The crown jewels—they are wonderful?"

"My dear Mimi," the puzzled jeweler replied—but you can picture the pretty domestic scene for yourselves.

I NEED only add that, as the story was retailed to me over the chocolate-cups the other day, the emeralds have not been seen since. In the nine years that have passed, no great lady nor any successful courtesan has worn them in sight of the world. Nor have they been offered for sale, secretly or openly, in any city. This, come to think of it, is not so surprising. For it is obvious that the bogus Comte de Marnac's visit to the Rue de la Paix was no mere matter of sordid business. If the market value of the jewels had interested him, there was a moment in the transaction when that market value, in good currency, was in his possession and he could have departed, the richer for his little visit by thirty thousand louis. No, he wanted the ear-rings themselves. It is clear that he went to Boucheron's in the knowledge that the emeralds were there, the expense of the transaction being limited to an hour's wear and tear on an Hispano-Suiza and the cost of a silken sling.

The story left me with twinges of a reportorial impulse to get up and stroll the few steps that would take me to Boucheron's for the purpose of a little checking up. But it is never easy to leave that comfortable *plaisance*—you may have noticed that some persons seem to have been sitting there since the Spring of 1912—and anyway I was haunted by a fear that M. Boucheron's name would turn out to be Émile. Or, worse still, that I would find there had been no M. Boucheron for years and that the shop belonged—like so many good things in this world—to the Rothschilds.

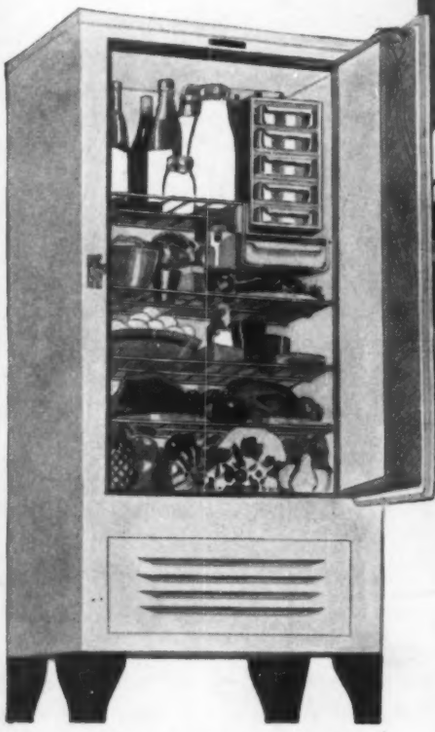
—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

You can tell a fine apartment

by this mark of distinction . .

PROSPECTIVE TENANTS grow more exacting every day about the equipment they want in an apartment. Builders know it. They have to know what tenants want. That's why finer apartments have such things as heated towel racks, cedar closets that light up when the door is opened, automatic gas ranges, and Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator.

Modern apartment dwellers have comforts never dreamed of a generation ago. Electrolux, for example, an automatic refrigerator that never makes a sound, costs less than ice, yet keeps food perfectly, maintains constant steady cold with hardly any variation, without attention.



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 sq. feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes

Instead of machinery, Electrolux uses only a tiny gas flame, a tiny flow of water. No "works," no moving parts at all are needed to make the cold, freeze all the ice cubes anyone needs, chill delicious salads and desserts.

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A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

THE WAYWARD PRESS

SUMMER HEAT

CONSIDERING the warm weather, the newspapers have been waving their arms and shooting their cuffs quite a bit lately. One doesn't realize how undemonstrative and easy-going our journals are most of the time, until all of a sudden they decide to "make an issue" of something. And most of them are so out of practice that, when the time for battle comes, all they can do is rush up and down shouting "This is terrible!" and make little abortive jabs in the general direction of their object.

Of course, Mr. Hearst's papers and the *Telegram* usually are trying to get something done or something prevented, and one is so accustomed to seeing half the front page of any one of these three given over to a big box promoting a Policy or a Program that it soon becomes a simple matter to skip that section and just see who won the ball game. But the rest of the boys take life pretty calmly. They have their likes and dislikes, naturally, and offer dignified support to certain causes and dignified resistance to others, but they seldom have to go downstairs to the composing-room to have their opinions set in any other type than that prescribed by the regular makeup. It was almost beginning to look as if nobody really cared any more, now that Horace Greeley was dead.

But, of late, readers of the daily press have found themselves being exhorted, much to their surprise. Not only exhorted, but influenced! The Tariff, the Naval Treaty, the Wet Boom, all seem to have excited the papers far beyond their usual state of boiler-plate opinion. And it is here that practice has given the *Telegram* and the Hearst papers a decided advantage over their more lethargic brothers. The campaign against the Naval Treaty may safely be left to the *American* and *Journal*. They know what they are about, and are used to rough-and-tumble fighting. So far, most of the proponents of the Pact have confined themselves to editorial nodding in this battle, so their readers hardly know that there is a battle on. But the readers of the Hearst papers are already splashed with blood from their front pages, and it must be coming from somewhere.

It is the Tariff which has been throwing the more dignified molders of public opinion into a tantrum. The *Telegram*, accustomed to waging war against anything from dusty window-sills to capital punishment, has gone about the thing with an efficiency which might even give Mr. Hearst a lesson. On the front page of its June 3 issue were two life-size telegraph blanks (one for the Western Union and one for the Postal Telegraph so that you could rush out to your nearest office) all made out to Senator Copeland with the following valentine: "I urge that you vote against the Hawley-Smoot Tariff." The next day the *Telegram* announced that eighteen hundred of these had been sent, much to the delight of Mr. Carlton and Mr. Mackay. The effect on Senator Copeland, at this writing, remains to be seen, but, at any rate, he must have had a busy evening at the telephone on June 3, especially if the operator had to repeat each message and ask if there was an answer.

The *World*, less versed in the art of agitation, has been getting interviews from prominent businessmen (with pictures) saying that they thought the Hawley-Smoot Tariff was a very naughty bill. These have been somewhat less exciting, and, by the same token, less impressive, although some of the businessmen and manufacturers were fine-looking men. The wonder is that, with all this expert opinion throughout the country against the Tariff, anybody should be so worried about it. And yet, there must be somebody in favor of it, for the *World*, in the midst of its campaign, has been holding the surprisingly pessimistic view that the bill was sure of passage. In fact, on May 27 its Washington bureau announced, in an exclusive prophecy, that when the bill was passed, President Hoover would sign it. If he does, the *World* will have scored an excellent beat, but will be in the position of deliberately having wasted a lot of cuts and type-matter. If he doesn't,

"I think I'll take the murder."

"To bring my skin to flawless perfection what *preparations* do I need?"

MARIE EARLE now simplifies the answer to this confusing question. The three preparations you need for the care of your skin at home are all in one simple Treatment Set.

A precious youth restoring cream—
A snowy smoothing skin emollient—
The sparkling lotion your own skin needs—

These three matchless preparations with faithful daily use, smooth ever increasing loveliness into your skin.

Modern conditions dry away the natural beauty oils in your skin and unless they are restored the skin becomes prematurely coarse, rough, wrinkled or dull. Essential Cream with its costly ingredients having a special affinity for the skin, melts deep into the pores. It clears away every trace of clogging impurities, cleanses and softens so thoroughly the precious natural oils it supplies are easily absorbed deep into the skin. It is remarkably different from the ordinary hydro-carbon "cleansing" creams which slip over the surface of the skin. Over the Cream, the wonderfully rejuvenating emollient—Cucumber Emulsion—is used. It gives the skin a fairer hue—brings back petal softness and translucent crystal coloring. Before make-up you finish with the sparkling lotion in your Treatment Set to give your individual type of skin the tonic bracing it requires.

Day by day you can see new beauty from this incomparable Basic Treatment. Lines and wrinkles soften, tissues regain life and tone. New silken softness—the shining radiance of a young skin are yours again.

Marie Earle now offers these new Basic Beauty Treatment Sets at the better shops. If you cannot obtain them in your city, send your check direct to Marie Earle, 660 Fifth Ave., New York. For average or dry skins $6, for oily or very oily skins $7.25.

For two decades Marie Earle's Salons have been distinguished among an exclusive clientele for luxurious beauty bringing methods—660 Fifth Ave., New York, 13 rue de la Paix, Paris

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ORIGINALS...HALF-PRICED

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A Most Striking Presentation of the Highlights of the Summer Vogue..Newly-Silhouetted Frocks, Suits, Coats & Ensembles of Superlative Character..And They Are All Half-Priced $16 to $110, Because They Are Originals..Novelette on Request.

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INCORPORATED

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6 towels, 6 wash cloths and bath mat with embroidered signals.
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SPECIALISTS IN LINENS

the *World* will have won its fight, but will look like something of a Cassandra, and a pretty poor one, at that.

THE *World* has also been applying its interview-with-cut method to the suddenly resuscitated Wet Cause. It has been getting various civic-minded and socially prominent ladies to announce that, whereas they once thought that Prohibition was a good thing, they now feel that something must be done about it. Just whom this campaign is intended to impress is not clear, for most of the readers of the *World* are against Prohibition anyway, but there is probably some idea of building up a slow but irresistible middle-ground opposition to the Dry Law which will make itself felt when the time comes. The chief trouble with running these two similar campaigns at the same time is that readers of the *World* may become confused and think that they have seen an interview with Mrs. Caspar Whitney denouncing the Hawley-Smoot Tariff and one with D. Stewart Iglehart saying that Prohibition is a blow to Inter-America trade. And the legislators who have the final say on both the Tariff and Prohibition are probably going to do just what they are told anyway, regardless of such outside influences as the Press and the Public.

SPEAKING of campaigns in behalf of things and people, who remembers the agitation protesting against the imprisonment for life of a young lady named Ruth St. Claire some months ago? Her conviction for shop-lifting under the Baumes Law seemed to both the *World* and the *Telegram* to be a matter of grave importance, and even the other papers joined in the chorus against this "heinous miscarriage of justice." On May 29, the *Telegram* carried a couple of sticks on Page 3 announcing that the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court had upheld her sentence, while the *World*, the following morning, gave five lines at the bottom of a column on Page 3 to an item headed "WOMAN'S LIFE TERM UPHELD." Miss St. Claire is probably just as interested in the case now as she was in February, but nobody else seems to be.

IF the news which the British censors allow to come out from India is as censored and toned down as we cynics believe it to be, conditions in that country must be something resembling those in an abattoir. Certainly the news that we are getting is sensational

enough. "EIGHTY-TWO KILLED, EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE HURT IN FOUR INDIAN CITIES" doesn't sound as if the *Times* man at Rangoon were exactly writing his dispatch at the point of a British revolver. Of course, there may have been a *hundred* and eighty-two killed and *sixteen* hundred hurt, and it may have been in eight cities instead of four, but whoever is reading over the correspondents' stuff is not what you would call a "nice Nellie."

The *Times* did carry a story on June 1 which sounded a little like Grover Whalen's explanation of beating up the Reds, in which it was stated that a lance corporal of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry happened to be cleaning his rifle by the Kabuli Gate in Peshawar when it accidentally discharged, killing some noncombatant occupants of a passing *topga* and that "this incident had a bad effect on the temper of the crowd," such a bad effect, in fact, that they took to marching and came in contact with "a small detachment of an Essex regiment," whereupon "it was necessary to open fire." The casualties were light, however, according to "a special correspondent," and "it is reported that the police have suffered heavily in their efforts to restore order in Rangoon."

This story, and one or two others, have smelled slightly of a "Department of Public Information," but, in general, the news from India is almost bad enough to be true.

BY the time the Graf Zeppelin is ready to make its next trip across the ocean, there will probably be no takers among the newspapers for special signed stories by passengers. Even on this trip Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins had to take his bride along to make any kind of news out of it. His wireless to the *American* were the only ones which carried a by-line and they weren't worth it. The other papers, even that old air-demon the *Times*, just signed their accounts "From a special correspondent" and let it go at that. If two years ago anyone had said that a personal, day-by-day account of a transatlantic flight would in 1930 be dull stuff, he would have been considered to have a very bad nose for news. Which only goes to show.

AND who would have thought, six months ago, that dispatches from the Byrd expedition would ever be dull? Practically everyone. But it is doubtful if anyone could have pre-

DEMEYER

FOREVER YOUNG!

AS RADIANT as a day in June is the woman who has learned the secret of Elizabeth Arden's Vienna Youth Mask.. for *her* loveliness comes from *within*.. the blood dances through her veins with the joyous rush of youth itself, cleansing, purifying, banishing the poisons that slow down the body, clog the pores, rob the skin of its clear, glowing transparency, the eyes of their bright sparkle.

What, then, *is* the Vienna Youth Mask? It is the most modern answer to the quest for health and youth . . the ultimate skill of the scientist, working hand in hand with Nature . .

As given in Elizabeth Arden's Salon, the Vienna Youth Mask Treatment is a never-to-be-forgotten delight! You relax in utter comfort on the soft, white bed . . the firm, cool fingers of the nurse are at your wrist, taking your pulse. You bask in peace . . the world and its cares are forgotten. Then a gentle glow . . spreading . . spreading. You are alive . . deeply and joyously alive! Energy pulses through you . . the years slip away . .

Afterwards, you are given one of those invigorating, stimulating Muscle-Strapping, Skin-Toning Treatments for which Elizabeth Arden is famous the world over. Then with contour firm, skin radiant, eyes sparkling, you go forth to conquer . . nothing is impossible now . . you are YOUNG and all life stretches before you . . inviting . . alluring.

But you must see for yourself. Visit Miss Arden's Salons and talk to the trained Diathermic Nurse whose whole time is devoted to work with the Mask. She will tell you in detail exactly what it has done for others . . and what it can do for you.

For an appointment at the hour you prefer, telephone Plaza 5847.

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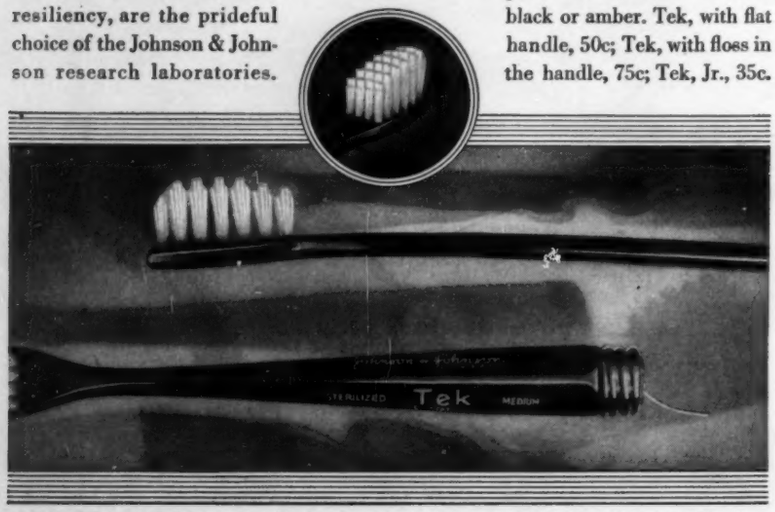

Product of Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

dicted that they would ever be so dull as they have recently been. Perhaps "dull" is not exactly the word. Perhaps you had better just read a paragraph from Dr. Francis D. Coman's special dispatch to the *Times* from the Bark City of New York, at sea, May 30:

"Truly a Memorial Day!" explained Captain Frederick Melville, our gruff but kindly skipper, as he led us in three earnest huzzars [*sic*] for gallant little Costa Rica and Guatemala.

Can it be that Dr. Coman is kidding us, and writing that way on purpose? On glancing over several more of his dispatches the answer is: "Probably not." So three more huzzars for Dr. Coman and an uhlan apiece for Costa Rica and Guatemala! And a tropical bird of some sort for the *Times* for running anything that comes in to its office signed "Bark City of New York."

WHEN, in the last "Wayward Press" we intimated that the *World* got its idea for an inspection of upstate dry strongholds from the *Herald Tribune's* investigation of Decatur, Indiana, we had a feeling that we should soon hear from the *World* saying that its investigation was already on, although not in type, when the *Herald Tribune* ran its story. That usually happens to us when we try to be nasty like that. Well, the *World* informed us that Mr. Schechter was already three days gone on his scouting trip when Mr. Johnston's article on Decatur was printed, and that anyway the *World* had looked into Henry Ford's home-town weeks before with an eye to seeing just how dry a dry town could be. In justice to the *World*, to Mr. Schechter, to the public, and to anybody else who is interested, we are printing this explanation from the *World*, and would further like to add, in case the *World* is still cross, that whoever covered the landing of the so-called "collateral kin" of Lafayette in its May 27 issue did a swell job of debunking. It was the kind of story that every reporter has ached to write at one time or another, showing up all the hooey of official receptions and making monkeys out of a couple of visiting firemen, and more papers ought to let their reporters do it when they feel like it.

—GUY FAWKES

•

WE REGRET WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST ARTICLES—*Sign in Portland (Ore.) restaurant.*

You ought to be glad.

These newcomers are diverting the attention of whole bridge parties!

WHAT was bid is completely forgotten. What is trump nobody knows. Who should lead just doesn't matter—for the topic of talk has suddenly turned from tricks to taste. Schrafft's chocolates are being sampled!

Under the spell of such out-of-the-common goodness, it is pardonable for anyone to forget all else for the moment. Schrafft's chocolates and candies *are* uncommonly delicious!

They have long been the favorites of the well-informed —in New York, Boston and Syracuse. Now, through recently expanded distribution, we predict that these famous candies will be the favorites everywhere!

You'll find them in stores near you — wherever good candies are sold. And you'll find them surprisingly better than any candy you ever before tasted!

D'or Elegant—$2.00 a pound; Chippendale—$1.50 a pound; Dresden—$1.25 a pound; Jolivet—$1.25 a pound; Plain—$1.00 a pound; Pall Mall—$1.00 a pound; Nuts, Fruits and Creams—$1.00 a pound.

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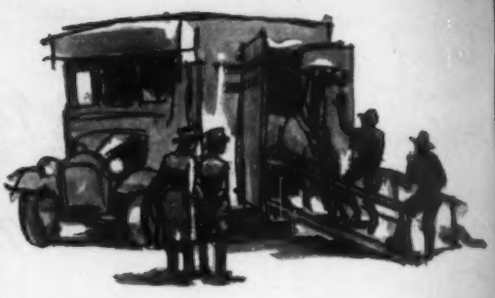
THE RACE TRACK

The Colt of the Year—Umbrella Day at Belmont



GALLANT FOX has won the Belmont Stakes, as I thought he would (pardon one modest gloat), and has written "*finis*" to a page in racing history that will not be forgotten in many a day. He slammed his opposition with the same sangfroid as in the Wood Stakes, the Preakness, and the Kentucky Derby, and until he is tried against older horses, which I daresay will not be until autumn, he must be ranked with the best of any year. The big bay son of Sir Gallahad III, despite his strenuous preparation and campaign, carried the bloom of a well-trained horse. Like many a good one before, he is not upset by anything. He was mobbed by the curious on entering the paddock, but he never turned a hair. In the race he made the pace for the mile and a half, and on his return was surrounded once more. Everybody within reach gave him a kindly pat as William Woodward, his proud owner, fulfilled that pleasant custom of leading in the winner, and he faced the batteries of cameras, movie machines, and microphones with an indifference one seldom sees in a thoroughbred. It was a gallant performance.

ONLY one thing was wanted to make the day a memorable one—fair weather. I never have seen the stand more crowded. During the running of the Belmont the lawn blossomed with umbrellas. Everybody had turned out to see the two colts. Just before saddling time John Hertz said to me: "I may be foolish, but I've come all the way from Chicago to see this race." A moment or two later I saw Will Collins, who had left his ranch in California to see Gallant Fox and Whichone run—but he liked Questionnaire. Also Mrs. H. P. Whitney made one of her infrequent visits to the races to wish Whichone luck. She stood on the edge of the crowd around the door of the saddling shed with the rain dripping off the roof and down the back of her neck. Sonny Whitney stood inside the stall with the trainers and the horse.

IT was the best Belmont (permit an old-timer to recall) since Colin beat Fair Play. The story of the great race is easy to unfold. There was applause for the four colts, Whichone, Questionnaire, Swinfield, and Gallant Fox, as they paraded, and a roar from the stand as the tapes snapped up. Sande sent the Fox to the front on the rails with a quick burst of speed that half won the battle in the first furlong. Workman, on Whichone, had orders to ride a waiting race. Not until the field turned off the backstretch did he make a move: then he brought the son of Chicle up on the outside. Whichone was under the whip three furlongs from home, and the roar from the stand came again as he moved past Swinfield and Questionnaire. Turning into the straight, Sande took Gallant Fox into the middle of the track for the firmer footing, but also, I believe, to zigzag in front of Whichone, if there were need; but there was none, for the Whitney colt tired, lost his action, and began to sprawl in the last furlong. The result goes to prove that I was quite right in opposing Whichone on the ground that he was unlikely to stay the course. Loud and long was the cheering for Gallant Fox as he swept home a winner by three lengths in his fourth and greatest triumph.

LAST summer Chaffee Earl, a young Californian just out of college, with a string of oil wells working for him, and a flair for racing, sent his trainer to Mr. Whitney. "My boss," said the trainer, "would like you to put a price on Whichone, and he is ready to pay it—whatever it is."

"I'll price Whichone at two hun-

"Come and get it!"

That is the camp dinner gong, the call to the feast where the table may be the solid ground and the dining room ceiling is the sky itself.

Ever taste fish chowder made from trout that were swimming an hour before . . . or steak broiled brown and savory on the outside fading to a rich delicious and so-juicy redness in the middle? . . .

Camping joys are inseparably bound up with the cooking utensils, the equipment and clothing that you take with you. Comfort and convenience are not even dependent on weather, if you are correctly prepared.

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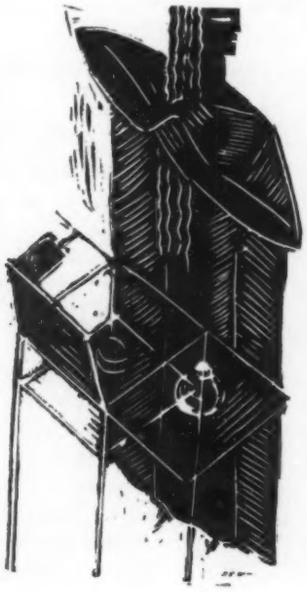
dred thousand dollars—but he's not for sale," said Mr. Whitney.

Then the trainer sought Mr. Woodward, and made the same offer for Gallant Fox. "He is not for sale," said the master of Belair. "I shall not put a price on him either," he added. "You know I think it's bad luck to put a price on a horse if you don't intend to sell."

Gallant Fox would have been the better buy, for in his four races this season he has won, not including the pieces of plate, $189,000 in purses. As the son of Sir Gallahad III has engagements in half a dozen stakes nearly as rich as those he has won, it is more than likely that he will win close to $100,000 more before the season closes.

THERE seems to be no doubt where the honors among the three-year-old fillies belong—with W. J. Salmon's Snowflake. After she finished third in Gallant Fox's Preakness, it was no surprise to see her carry off the Ladies' Handicap, an event that has maintained its place in the esteem of racing folk for more than sixty years. She is a big, masculine-looking filly, and such a determined fighter that the eleven furlongs of the Coaching Club American Oaks had no terrors for her. She pegged back Red Rag, Erin, and Flying Gal in the last quarter of a mile. I am told that her next serious engagement will be in the Classic Stakes at Arlington, where she again will try her luck against colts.

ONCE more I take pleasure in recalling that I picked Mr. Whitney's Equipoise at Bowie as the best two-year-old prospect I had seen in



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To You— from Paris and London

Originated abroad for your beauty—brought to America for your convenience—The Eugène Method of Permanent Waving is preferred the world over for its grace and soft naturalness. It is the gentle method, considerate of your hair and you . . . Please look carefully at the Eugène Sachet and its patented perforated steam tab, shown here.

This Sachet controls the steam in permanent waving. Thus, stubborn root hair may be given more steaming than the tender ends . . . . . And, in repeat-waving, only the new straight hair need be steamed at all . . . Be sure your hairdresser uses genuine Eugène Sachets. It pays to pay the extra cost for the safety they assure! . . .

Write for "The Eugène Beauty Book," and a specimen Eugène sachet.

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permanent waves

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If you wish to summer at the newest and smartest resort hotel . . . come to The Sagamore, on lovely Green Island in Lake George!

Picture the seclusion of this island paradise, (bridged to the mainland) . . . happy days of golf on a perfect 18-hole course . . . invigorating canters along charming bridle paths . . . bathing in the refreshing waters of Lake George, or skimming over its surface in speed boats.

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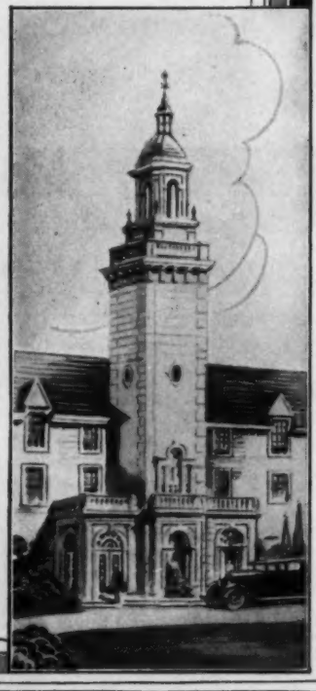

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some seasons. Last Saturday we saw him win the National Stallion Stakes in a gallop by half a dozen lengths. It was the third stake he had won in as many starts at the Belmont Park meeting.

REGRETFULLY we leave Belmont Park in the full bloom of its June glory. Mr. Widener has had worse luck than usual in the matter of attendance and weather on his important stake days. The Aqueduct track is under new management, with John E. Cowdin as president and Mr. Widener as the directing force, so every improvement possible is assured; but at best it is an antiquated plant. However, there is compensation in that the long stretch helps a good horse. Not so much can be said of the races out of the chute.

BELMONT DAY: H. P. Whitney in the members' stand on the roof. . . . The wigwagging of the radio operators. . . . The march of the mannequins, and the Honourable George saving his chair. . . . The tangle of motors on the lawn. . . . The newspaper umbrellas. . . . Earl Sande's patches of adhesive tape, souvenirs of his motor crash. . . . Melita II, a jumper with a sense of humor and no desire to run. . . . The parade from the Turf and Field Club to the stand under carriage umbrellas. . . . The puddles in the paddock. . . . The Turf-and-Fielders standing on tables at the back of the stand. . . . Earl Sande's smile after the Belmont. . . . Whichone being led away by one lone stableboy. . . . Mr. Widener and his umbrella again.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FINGER WAVE

I suffer to be beautiful,
Endure each torture as a rite,
An exile from the outer world
Immured within an alcove white.
Upon my head grotesquely bagged
Synthetic roaring wind has played,
My calcined scalp feels hot and crisp,
My ears are parboiled, I'm afraid.
Attendant priestesses with pins
Have made adjustments manifold,
And proudly to the street I bear
My corrugated head of gold.
All waffle-ironed to cope with fate
And conscious as a new-born star
I pass in scorn all things mundane—
Except the stores where *mirrors* are.

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

PACK ALL YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG . . . . *it's no place for your Clothes*

In spite of anything and everything the Behaviorists may say—and goodness knows the ardent dears are not among the inarticulate—there *are* some things to which one simply must be born. There is the cold tub in the grey of a London morning; and there are tweeds that have too little *hither* and too much *yon*, and old kit bags that collapse wearily on the floor like deflated balloons.

Strange how the last two seem to go together! And, we suppose, if one has a national loyalty for the tweeds, the bags don't matter. But when one's suits are in the best Fifth Avenue manner, and one's frocks and gowns of the French-American mode, that is something else again, Oh quite! For such raiment one has luggage . . . wardrobe luggage . . . Mendel wardrobe luggage, to be exact . . . to carry it dust-proof and wrinkle-proof around the world and back. *You will find it in all the better shops and department stores.*

The "Dustproof" Wardrobe Trunk is in Scotch tweed duck with Tomahawk-red identification striping. All sizes from $85 to $120. Others from $40 to $400.

Cases to match will hold 4 suits or 12 costumes on hangers and accessories in trays. Fit under Pullman seat. Priced at $45. Others from $15 to $135.

THE MENDEL-DRUCKER CO., CINCINNATI
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DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

The THRILLING CLIMAX to your Bath

DELICATELY SCENTED BUT NOT A PERFUME

SPLASH in the tub, or prance in the shower—but follow it with a dash of Farina's Red Crest Cologne, fastidious Europe's favorite precaution against the odor of perspiration.

Created in 1709 by Johann Maria Farina, and never duplicated, this luxurious cologne has for 220 years been the smart Continental's first choice as an aid to personal delicacy. After two centuries it now comes to America as an unequalled freshener, a stimulating rub-down, and a valuable astringent.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

ON THE AIR

The Gentlemen of the Microphone—All Over the Map—Music Note

NEWSPAPERMEN have supplanted crooners as radio stars and the air is filled with reportorial gossip. You already know, of course, Mr. Floyd Gibbons, who holds all speed records for words per minute, and easily outdistances both Graham McNamee and Ted Husing. Mr. Gibbons and the *Herald Tribune* Observer have been having a merry race trying to belittle Mahatma Gandhi's rebellion. Neither Mr. Gibbons nor the Observer cares for Gandhi and there has been great rivalry between them as to which could make the most comic remarks about his waywardness. Mr. Gibbons views the whole Indian situation as a Mutt-and-Jeff comic strip and reports it as though it were a roaring farce. The Observer adopts an attitude of easy disdain and tells of the daily doings of Gandhi's followers in a voice tinged with benevolent and humorous compassion.

THE best of the newcomers is Heywood Broun, who is just as leisurely as Mr. Gibbons is frantic. Mr. Broun speaks to you five times a week over Station WABC at the night-clubbish hour of 11:15 P.M. He belongs to the Damrosch school of radio speaking, only he has no orchestra to interrupt him. Like Mr. Damrosch, he asks for letters, and listeners from as far west as Fargo, North Dakota, have risen generously to the demand.

At present Mr. Broun is what is known as a sustaining feature, which means that he is engaged by the station and not sponsored by a toothpaste. Obviously, however, he is being groomed for big things—say for an electric-icebox or sponge-cake campaign. Mr. Gibbons, you know, had just such an humble beginning before he was discovered first by General Electric and then by the *Literary Digest*.

MR. ROBERT L. RIPLEY has the most elaborate of the journalistic broadcasts. His is a really superior presentation of difficult radio material; it comes to you at 7:30 Monday evenings over Station WEAF and it is sponsored by the Beacon Oil Company. You do not need to be reminded that

AT BUCKWOOD INN

The Season is on

THE countryside is beautiful . . . the bridle paths are inviting . . . tennis courts are in championship trim . . . the famous Shawnee Golf Course is in superb condition . . . the crystal waters of the beautiful outdoor swimming pool are comfortably tempered . . . river and trout streams beckon to the anglers. The season is on at Buckwood Inn.

Three hours by motor from New York over splendid concrete and asphalt roads. (Road map sent on request.) Prospective guests are advised to make as early reservations as convenient.

BUCKWOOD INN
Shawnee-on-Delaware Pennsylvania

R. S. WORTHINGTON, *Managing Director*

The *of* "Sons *o'* Guns" *is now a* Writin' Son *of a* Gun

If you don't believe it . . . read Jack Donahue's

"*Letters* of a *Hoofer* to his *Ma*"

Of course Adrienne's act got over okay; the dog is very clever.

We give you who read The New Yorker the tip-off because you have a reputation for not missing any of the new good things.

Ray Long, Editor of Cosmopolitan, who is one of you, got a stitch in his side from laughing when he read the manuscript signed "Jack Donahue," without knowing it had been sent to him by *that* Jack Donahue . . . The letters—a gay addition to American letters—begin in *July* Cosmopolitan.

The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . . which are used once, then discarded

Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot up* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.

SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: *"I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."*

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TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to: NY-6

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Address .....

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Mr. Ripley is a man of great ingenuity and that, believe it or not, he is able to bring to his broadcast fascinating facts about two-headed zebras which haven't appeared in his cartoons.

Mr. Ripley is assisted by a stock company—whose business it is to ask questions and register surprise—and also by an orchestra. The orchestra is a real help, because Mr. Ripley can present musical oddities with it. Any Monday night I expect to have Mr. Ripley prove conclusively that the Maine "Stein Song" was originally written by Sir Edward Elgar for a Royal Christening.

AS for the broadcasts of the recent sports events, Mr. McNamee still holds the record for agility and resourcefulness. One minute you hear Mr. McNamee's voice from an airplane; the next minute he is perched in an observation tower near a race track. Mr. McNamee is all over the map.

AS for the music on the air: John Philip Sousa's new march, "The Royal Welch Fusiliers," deserves more hearings. "Valencia"—of all things! —is being revived. The Skinner Organ Company is presenting recitals of the favorite music of prominent men. Mr. Arthur Curtiss James likes Wagner. —A. S.

•

GENEROUS GENTLEMAN

You gave me books of poetry
And pretty pots of flowers
And strings of spotted amber beads
And strings of anxious hours;

You gave me cocktail makings
And lessons in the art
Of seeming very amiable
Above a furious heart;

You gave me perfect dinners
With flattery beside,
And nights when I just lay awake
And cried and cried and cried:

My love, you've been so generous
You make me feel my lack—
You've given me so much, my dear,
I've given so little back!

I think I need more peace of mind
Than I have had of late—
So take, dear love, the key of the fields—
Take, Very Dear, the gate.

—MARGARET WIDDEMER

your honored guest . . . "que conozco mundo"

"Que haya viajado y conozca mundo" —"one who has travelled and who knows the world".

Three plantation coffees are blended to give Yuban, the Guest Coffee, its individuality. These are the three most expensive plantation coffees in all the world. The connoisseur, seeking to describe the particular characteristics of each, observes that the first lends suavity—or, as he phrases it, it has the lively wisdom of "one who has travelled and who knows the world". The second has a more youthful fire. The third, mellowness. Together, smoothness, vigor and mellowness *blend* to produce that matchless flavor that is Yuban's own.

This supreme flavor at its moment of greatest freshness—the moment of roasting—is now brought direct to your coffee cup by the magic of the Thermokept vacuum-sealing process. Try Yuban—see for yourself why this blend for years has been the favorite Guest Coffee.

YUBAN

• THE GUEST COFFEE •

Dollars are fashionable

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WALLACH BROTHERS

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JUNE 4

A GREAT fanfare preceded the exhibition of furniture from Dessau's famous Bauhaus Werkbund at the twentieth Salon des Artistes-Décorateurs. French decorators, recalling that it was Dr. Gropius who first showed them Breuer's steel chairs, Moholy-Nagy's lightings, and Bayer's new theories on the arrangement of objects, sat back happily awaiting the arrival of the prophet. But Dr. Gropius brought to the French Salon of the Decorative Arts an exhibit which he termed an "anti-decorative demonstration," consisting of nickel-tubed chairs with canvas backs, some superb optical lamps for use in clinic or boudoir, a pleasant staircase made of galvanized chicken-wire, and a great deal of what he called good advice. To the French decorators, agog over eggshell lacquer, silver-inlaid sideboards, and sharkskin settees, he spoke only of economic units, mass production, and "a common base of understanding and high intellectual level." The modern French decoration grew from the German and has looked toward Gropius for further guidance. After listening to his views, local decorators decided that perhaps he didn't mean what he said. The French so often think the Germans don't.

THE rest of the Salon des Artistes-Décorateurs was remarkable for what, in comparison with the shows of previous years, seemed a prevailingly high standard of good taste—say two times out of ten. Unquestionably the most popular feature was the modernist carpets designed in Paris and woven in the French colonies. It is worth noting also that the famous old Aubusson and Savonnerie tapestry factories are now acknowledging the existence of modernity. The adoption of contemporary Continental designs by these ancient looms should do much to relieve the congestion of Negro art from which Caucasian Parisian interiors have been suffering of late.

ROSENBERG's early-summer art shows are important events, as all the new works of Picasso, Braque, Marie

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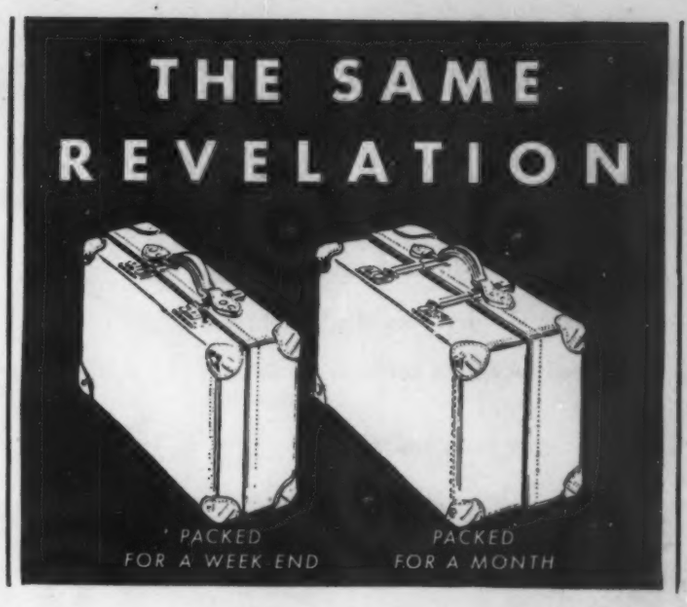
Winter Resort: Princess Hotel, Bermuda

Laurencin, and Léger appear exclusively in his vaults or on his walls. Later they may come under the auctioneer's hammer, but when they first leave the palette, Rosenberg is the man they go to. His recent exhibition featuring his prize quartet was therefore a first view of their works of the past year, and it showed that they have done nothing new. Picasso still paints as he did; and Braque still paints as Picasso did—but as he did a longer time ago, which gives Braque the breaks so far as we are concerned. Picasso's recent works are of the sickle-moon totem-faced type of fairly recent invention; he offers none of his marvellous mechanical compositions, which is where Braque comes in with as fine, rich, and numerous a group as even Rosenberg could wish for. Braque also shows no human beings this year, none of the Bacchic men of early vintage. However, Marie Laurencin shows humans —all too human—those dear demoiselles, pink or pale, who never seem to grow stale though they have no infinite variety. The fourth of the group, Léger, one of the first cubists, has this year devoted himself almost entirely to painting large keys—to what situation is not clear.

THE second master show (the arts flourish here in the spring) was of Matisse lithographs and drawings at the Quatre Chemins Gallery. Though supposedly new, this collection could have been—perhaps was—old; it included houris reclining on divans, and the familiar girl in a spotted frock at a table, either female worth a lot of money.

LAST, though not to our mind least, were Hermine David's *aquarelles* and paintings from the Balearic Islands, on view at the Trémois Gallery. No artist puts more labor and love in his drawings than David, nor more trees, ships, mortals, and machines. Where many men today, profiting by Picasso's early simplifications, have made a lucrative vogue of mere outline, she still fills her scene; her small canvas still offers a rich panorama to the imaginative eye.

IF one has been able to take one's mind off Mrs. Helen Wills Moody and M. Cochet by day, at the Stade Roland Garros, and the delights of the new Ambassadeurs by night, with champagne and truffles, there have been good new books to read, especially reprints of books that were good and new



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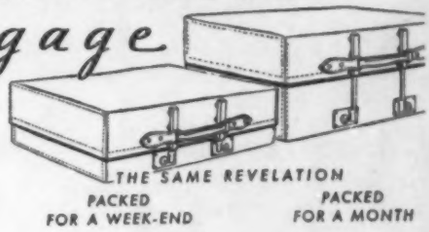

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LE MOMENT MALENCONTREUX

[THE UNFORTUNATE MOMENT]

When you have met your "belle mère" (mother-in-law) at the station and have skidded into the "lac" (pronounced lake). Do not worry mais non!

be nonchalant . . .

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*Early morning shopping is advised

some three hundred years ago. If the French haven't suffered our recent passion for biography, it is because they have always had autobiography; Parisian nobles, ladies, tinkers, and tailors have, during the pre-typewriter generations, devoted themselves either to writing to their country cousins to tell what went on in town in the way of mistresses, politics, and beheadings, or, lacking cousins, writing the news to themselves in the form of memoirs. In either case, the Parisian passion for selfexpression and style was satisfied by volumes now frequently out of print. The decision on the part of certain de luxe editors to revive some of these racy, tasty classics has been pleasurable for readers with historical hankerings.

ONE of the rarest, and typographically the most beautiful, has been the du Chartre reprint of the famous "Voyage au Siam" of the slightly infamous Abbé de Choisy, priest (when he wasn't posing as a society woman in Passy) under Louis XIV. This fantastic volume describing his six months' sail to Siam, what the King of Siam wore, what the sailors wore, what—above all—the Abbé wore, thought, laughed at, and felt, comprises an evening of entertainment that by comparison makes even the new "Folies" seem dull.

Another solid, interesting volume, also reprinted, is the "Mémoires de Madame de la Guette," a seventeenth-century lady warrior who finally died in Holland, her pen still in hand.

A little stuffier, but invaluable as an outlander's opinion of a court the French hardly dared tell the truth about, is the "Journal de Voyage de Bernini," who almost—not quite—built part of the Louvre for Louis XIV. Bernini's baroque ideas and elegant tactlessness while in Paris will be of sad interest to followers of the Sitwells, prone to fancy the period made up of smiling plaster angels rather than of heartbreaks. —GENÊT

•

SALE—Champion Tennis racquets. Featuring an ash frame, round shoulders, silk guts, taped throat.—*Adv. in local paper.*

It's the kind of life they've led.

•

June 26th has been selected by May Jarvis as the date of her marriage to Maurice Holmes. It will be her first marital venture.—*Dallas (Tex.) News.*

We all have to make a beginning.

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gives sculptural quality to this rich tea service

Antique in origin, but modern in feeling, the art of repoussé defines beauty with careful modelling of raised surfaces ...with interesting lights and shadows. This delightful tea service by Reed & Barton is notable for its finely-executed repoussé design. Your jeweler will gladly show you the pattern—No. 575A.

Linen, courtesy of Mossé, Inc. Accessories, courtesy of Miss Higgs, Inc.

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Watch out for that "sometime" . . . The Franconia 1931 World Cruise is the modern travel method of catching up with your dreams and living with them until they end, which is never . . . You can sail on this super-cruising steamer around the world . . . And the Franconia fits your mood . . . Modern . . . beautifully equipped . . . she is the twentieth century galleon in search of hidden romance.

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TAKE A LETTER, MISS BRODIE

LET that Acme Porcelain business ride for a minute, Miss Brodie. I just remembered I want you to take a personal letter, a sort of a special letter to my brother's boy, Joe. He's graduating from Paxton next week and I just found out I can't get to the exercises the way I planned. . . . No, it's not on account of the Acme stuff, but it's the way my partner is, Miss Brodie. Tell who's ever calling on that phone that I'm in conference and to call back in ten minutes unless it's the Acme people.

You got good ideas sometimes, Miss Brodie, so maybe you can give me some idea of what I ought to say. Joe's just a regular fellow, a chip off the old block. He didn't get high marks, but he played scrub football four years and was some little organizer along Fraternity Row. That reminds me. Don't forget to look up the entire Acme organization in our files before we sign the contract, Miss Brodie. And here's ten dollars. You get something for Joe and enclose a card. Just say "Congratulations, A. F." on it. Are you ready?

LET'S see how this sounds. Put it on my private stationery:

"Dear Joe: On Tuesday next you will receive that little old one-way ticket from Paxton for a non-stop journey through life and join the army of boys who have gone out of this famous institution.

"I know how *I* felt. [Sure, Paxton was my college, too, Miss Brodie. . . . No, I didn't graduate. I only went there two years.] It was *some* feeling. I don't believe I have ever had the same kick, even to this day. While the four years at Paxton have given much to you, I feel that in the end Paxton will be the debtor, as I know you are going to win life's battle [capital 'L,' Miss Brodie] and gain many laurels as you continue to press forward on an increasingly successful career as the days and months and years go by. [When we get back on the Acme business check up and see how long their last credit extension was.]

"I know what a credit you will be to your father and I want to tell you how my life has been enriched by having come in contact with yours. The times we have been together and the hours we spent talking over your class yearbook have been a revelation of my own college years once more. [Under-

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MAKE history for your diary in America's oldest capital . . . the charming land where Montezuma rules. 7,000 feet in the air . . . with a mean temperature of 70° all year round . . . Mexico City promises a comfortable and enjoyable vacation.

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All Expenses to Mexico City and Return

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score 'my own college years.'] You have won a signal honor as the editor of your class yearbook and take your place beside the other big men on the campus. I know what problems you have had and how you have conquered them. [I was editor of my freshman yearbook, Miss Brodie. Get the connection?]

"I had expected to be with you personally Monday and Tuesday, but the operation planned for the latter part of the month was advanced to yesterday when our Mr. Simmons went on the table for removal of his appendix and I feel I must be near at hand until we are safely through the woods. [Change that last to 'until we can see our way clear, one way or the other,' Miss Brodie.] He has been with me ten years and the relationship goes beyond mere business. You, about to graduate, will understand what this means, as the big duty is the one which lies nearest at hand. [Remind me to ask Ed about the Acme proposition as soon as he can talk to anyone, Miss Brodie.]

"Remember when you are getting your sheepskin that A.F. will be rejoicing with you and will be by your side and with your father just as much as if I was there personally—and not only on that day, but boosting for you in all days to come. [How does that sound, Miss Brodie? Is it too long? Put a period some place.]

"With heartiest wishes and the best of congratulations on your graduation, I am, sincerely, A.F."

I GUESS that ought to do, don't you think? Yes, sign it for me; I won't have to read it over. Just be sure that the present to Joe goes out with the letter. Let's get on with that Acme Porcelain proposition now.

—ROBERT WOHLFORTH

•

STEAMER-CHAIR

Freeze on one side and roast on the other—
Oh, what a bother!
Sun too hot and breeze too cool—
Oh, what a fool
I am to be always wanting, wanting,
Sides to be equal, lines to be straight,
While the Rule of Three and the Rule of Seven
Prevail in Heaven,
And the Soul of the Blest is forever haunting
Hell for its mate.

—MARION CANBY

You'll stroll among the countless pagodas of The Wat Po grounds in Bangkok

Lovely, wicked cities on this MALOLO cruise

A GREAT TRAVEL ADVENTURE . . . CIRCLING THE PACIFIC!

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In dreamy Celebes grows a rare orchid. When the Malolo lands you at Macassar, it will just be bursting into bloom on the edge of the jungle.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

SUMMER FOIBLES

ALL of you who have nice, retentive memories may remember B.M.'s mention of a dress called Speakeasy from Ardanse's midseason collection. Altman has it, and it is the loveliest black lace dress I have seen in ages—ladylike yet somehow terribly naughty: *Vie Parisienne* and the Dunes Club all at once. It is made of a very sheer black lace with long scalloped edges, it has a Diamond Lil décolletage, sheer as far down as possible, and it is fitted very closely, extending to the ankles. Over the dress one wears a tightly fitted little jacket of the same material, with elbow sleeves and a little standing collar in back, starched enough to be flippant. Sotch a dress, dears. Sotch sheek! Other less sensational arrivals from Paris include a Patou suit for autumn made of a heavy gray-black material, the severe seven-eighths coat having a man's-overcoat velvet collar. A white satin blouse accompanies this. There is also a beautiful Chéruit evening gown of a golden tan crêpe piped with gold; and there are a number of simple and effective evening gowns of dull crêpe from Paray, Renée, and others.

Also, for country summer wear, American ingenuity *chez* Altman has produced a revival of the linen duster, fitted through the waist in redingote style, double-breasted, and very swagger, in white or dusty pastel shades; thirty-nine dollars. For thirty-five dollars there are washable lamb's-wool coats in pastel tones, belted like polo coats, warm and quite heavy; and some coats of trouser flannel, satin-lined. Challis is also having a new lease on life around these premises, its advantage being that it tailors like flannel and is much cooler. In plain pastel colors, it fashions a conventional golf dress with patch pockets, long sleeves, and a businesslike look; printed, it makes frivolous veranda frocks. You can have your golf dresses of imported gingham, striped to look like shirting, if you like.

In the beauty-is-but-skin-deep department on the first floor, there is a new lipstick called Rouge Montral. It comes in a triangular case, and when you pull out the lipstick, a flat trench mirror three-quarters of an inch wide comes into view, giving you just enough visibility.

HOLLANDER is leaping with outstretched arms into the giddy-young-thing class with a collection of new hats, direct from Paris. There are some felt ones from Alphonsine, who is very fond of using felt made in a tubular form, like a limp tire, in her double brims. She turns these brims back in one way or another, sometimes leaving that rounded look, sometimes tucking the curved surface in with tiny pleats, sometimes cutting it along the edge in the back so that it will look, as well as be, double.

Fabrics for hats, too, show imagination around here. There are hats of plain glazed chintz, shiny and stitched and youthful, with turned-back, cloche, or beeg picture-hat brims. These cost eighteen-fifty and are refreshing. Then, there is an epidemic of printed handkerchief-linen handkerchiefs, making medium-sized picture hats. The brims are faced with white linen straw, and the big square scarves have an end buttoned around the throat so that they fall down one side in a tasty cascade. Agnès' version combines plain starched linen with polka-dotted handkerchief linen, also with a scarf to match. Descat has used h. linen in a limp Dutch cap, turned back and dropping at the sides and rear, unlined and tremendously becoming.

For your organdie dresses, they have stitched medium-sized hats of that fabric, some lined with horsehair; for your printed chiffons, they have little twisted turbans to match. They com-

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movie stars don't look
a bit better than we do off the stage."

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dictates of good taste and a precedent established by many happy brides and bridegrooms before you, come to W. & J. Sloane for furnishing the new establishment. Two or twenty rooms, a chair, a rug and a table, or furnishings throughout, our decorators will assume the burden and facilitate your

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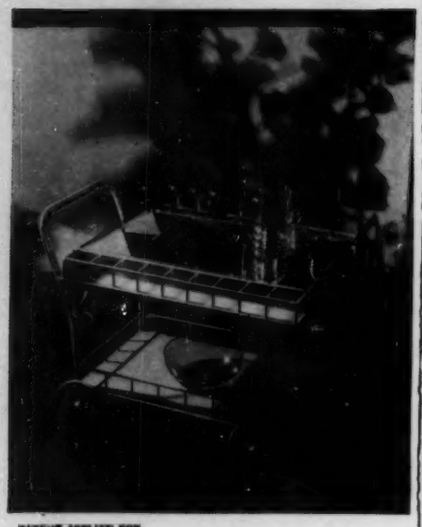

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bine glazed chintz and straw for dressy afternoon hats, and take the type of Agnès hat that has the brim tilting over a headband arrangement and make it either eccentric or very wearable. Also, please look at a new Reboux model combining straw and velvet. The velvet faces the brim in front (which is not turned back, but shows the face nevertheless) and is applied on the outside of the brim in back. A hat to murmur about in your sleep.

ZIGZAG DEPARTMENT: In Antoine's salon at Saks-Fifth Avenue, a new chiropodist is waiting to fix up your tootsies, even going to the extent of ornamenting your toenails, if you so desire, with green, pink, purple, or yaller nail polish—I haven't heard much about the stockingless fad lately, but there is always the beach. You go out feeling so fairy-footed that you rush into the shoe department, which lurks in wait for you, and argue that your feet are two sizes smaller. . . . The way to get the right permanent for growing hair (I don't really think many are actually letting it grow, but they *are* wearing it longer. Don't the débutantes look awful with those scraggly buns on the napes of their necks?) is to insist that your permanent be slightly wavy on top and very curly at the ends. It's easy to do in one operation—the trick is in the winding. With a good wave, you can safely use a coolish curling iron, which will keep the ends curly and turned up for several days. . . . The only trouble with the Knox straw sailors is that all the horse-faced women are rushing for them, whereas only piquant feminine faces can give them that saucy look. . . . Ernest K. Fownes, a well-known authority on riding habits, is in charge of them at Dobbs. . . . The dark bright colors sponsored by Cheney for fall are superb—rich bright colors like blue-violets and orangy reds and brilliant deep greens—not sombre, but perfect for autumn. I am cuh-razee about them. . . . I am in wrong with the Petroleum Derivatives Company of Montclair, New Jersey, all because I said that Vapon (that dry-cleaning shampoo) came from the Standard Oil Company, whereas it is in truth the product of the genius of the Pet. Der. Co. Ask them where you can get it in your vicinity; the Post Office is unreasonable about inflammable material. . . . Best, where they love their work, has little linen "lipstick" handkerchiefs, with a bright red square set in the corner so that the red daubs

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Summer Rates
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don't show. . . . Franklin Simon is showing summer riding habits, either jodhpurs or breeches, of heavy linen with a tweed look. You can get them in blues, greens, beiges, hennas, and other colors, for $25. With these, you wear hats of pineapple straw, the brims turned down a bit for becomingness. . . . Spalding is showing registered Kro-Flite golf clubs, destined, in weight and length, to conform to feminine swings. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

For Gardens in the Air — Country Comforts — A Library to Order

ROOFTOPS are now abloom all over town, and the shops can't keep terrace furniture in stock for much more than a full day. These penthouse have got thoroughly into our blood.

If you live in one, you should know that Olivette Falls, 563 Madison Avenue, has several pleasant details for the decoration of your terrace. A good reed chair in a natural finish, for example, with a cushioned back and its seat made of a loose flap of fabric—like a camp chair, only more comfortable. It is nice to sit in, and particularly smart when done in a plain-colored waterproof material. The one I saw was deep orange, to my mind the best possible combination with natural reed. This costs $35. The shop has made up some low folding tables to match it—about two feet high, done on the same camp-chair plan. The top is of the fabric, with two big pockets slashed into it. These have zipper fasteners on them, and will safely hold cards, smoking things, or your embroidery, depending on the nature of the party. Twelve dollars each, and very handy to have around.

For very fashionable outdoor meals Olivette Falls has long glass-topped tables of wrought iron—clear glass that you can see through, with nothing beneath it at all. To seat six, $50; or eight, $75.

NOTES FOR COUNTRY HOUSES: (1) The Palmer Comfortable people have now put out a line of light wool and down comfortables in amusing designs for the country. Most of them are lightweight sateen printed in

SCANTIES
by Model

This Summer's Girl will be "Scantily" Clad

She'll golf in Scanties, sail in Scanties, dance in Scanties, walk in Scanties—because this eight ounces of luxurious freedom combining brassiere, vest, girdle, panties—all-in-one—is the simple secret for keeping cool fashionably.

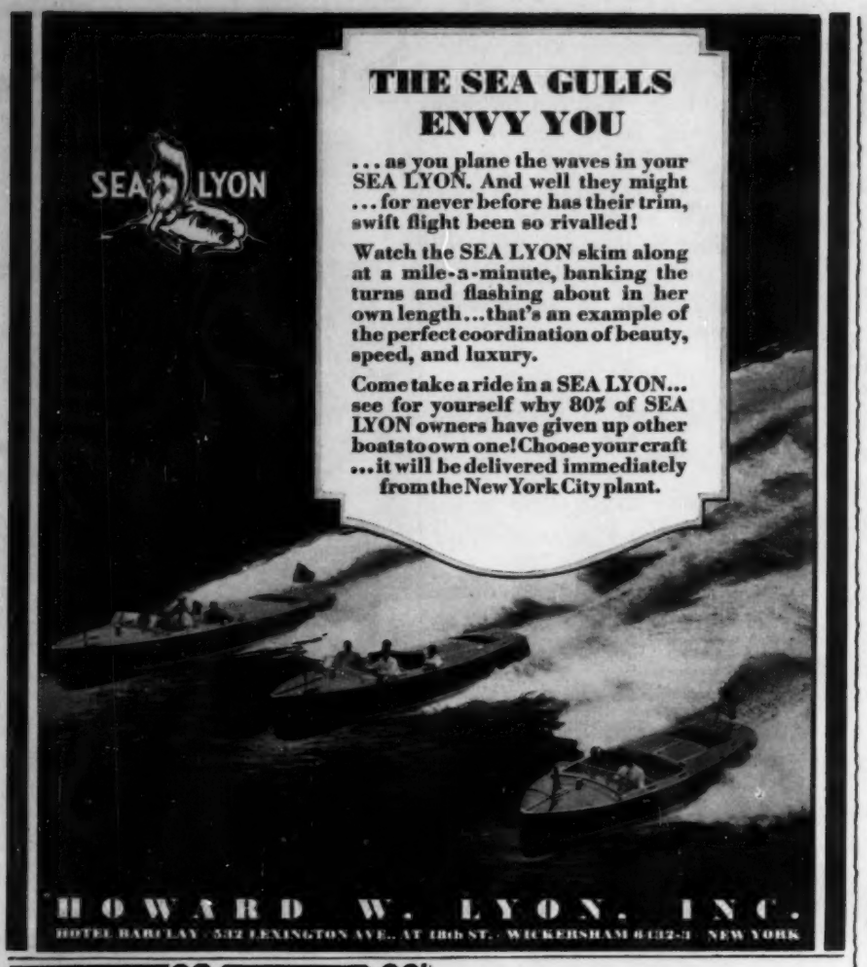
Scanties and a dress—that's all—is the least you need wear to be the most stylish.

Only one pair of shoulder straps—and so easy to launder. Since Fashion says—"Wear a summer foundation garment",—every woman should have at least one Scanties in her wardrobe.

Only Scanties are Scanties. Look for the label "Scanties by Model" in every garment.

Style illustrated 320 of Skinners Satin and silk jersey brassiere and vest section with crepe de chine panties $10.50. Other Scanties for street, evening or sport wear $5 to $25 at all leading stores.

Model Brassiere Co.
London 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Paris
DEPT. 25 © 1930 M. B. CO., INC.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old-fashioned chintz patterns or modern quilted designs with solid-colored borders. If your household is the kind that harbors unexpected weekend guests, you could probably use a lot of these. They are really inexpensive—from $6 or so up—nicely made, and decorative. Some of the best designs are at Altman.

(2) There is probably a fireplace or two you will want to dress up for the season. Edwin Jackson, at Sixty-fifth and Lexington Avenue, has everything the country hearth is likely to need, with several new wrinkles thrown in. The most useful of these is a spark screen of soft wire mesh that is suspended from a rod and works on drawstrings like a curtain. This is not so complicated as the kind that rolls up like a window blind, and therefore less likely to get out of order. Besides, it is about the only satisfactory ready-to-wear arrangement I have found for those fireplaces set into a corner.

They have a new nursery mantel, too, decorated with "Alice in Wonderland" plaques, or you could have scenes from "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," or any classic your young prodigy is absorbed in at the moment. Also for nurseries: a group of animal andirons—rabbits, bear cubs, cats, dogs, etc.; and an attached fire screen opening at the centre like a gate, the idea being to put a padlock on it if your child is apt to wander.

IT seems I have not by any means told all there is to tell about the Colony Book Shop, at 26 East Sixty-first Street (which for some reason appears in the telephone book as the "Colony Book Shelf").

In the first place, the shop itself is closed over the summer; but the work of which I am about to speak goes on anyway.

The specialty here is building up libraries based on one's personal hobby. They are persevering about scouting in auction rooms, picking up rare editions of works you especially crave, to say nothing of making up lists for you of books you should have, in case your own ideas are vague—always keeping in mind the preferred subject. In short, they will stop at nothing to complete the gathering of a collection based on a specific idea, working it up to the proper size to fill your available library space. After that they will plan a color scheme for the room, or else take your own established scheme and bind the books to fit it.

For an immediate consultation, tele-

phone Miss Marcelle Franken at Port Jefferson 133F3. While the shop is closed Miss Franken comes to town only when an appointment has been made. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Made in England

IF you are lucky enough to be in London this summer, the first thing to engage your attention will as likely as not be the licensing laws for pubs. When you have mastered their intricacies, and finally discovered the hours when pubs are open in the West End, you'll probably remember that you had intended to buy some clothes. So here are a few reminders that may save you trouble and disappointment:

THE first thing to decide is whether you really want an English suit or would prefer an American suit with a London label. If the latter is the case, it will be wiser to do your shopping here in New York, because you can't get a good American suit in England.

Each of the important London tailors has developed a particular kind of cut that he thinks is a little better than anyone else's. The best of them refuse to alter their style materially, and if you are foolhardy enough to ask them to copy another tailor, especially an American tailor, they are apt to suggest that you go to your old favorite in future. They are quite right, and you'll find that a tailor who allows you to bully him will usually turn out a suit that is neither American nor English, but an amorphous combination of both.

Go to the best firm you can find which makes the kind of suit you want. It is false economy to patronize one of those inexpensive tailors you are always hearing about. Some Englishmen do and manage to be very well dressed; but they know exactly what they want, and don't care how long it takes to describe it to the cutter. The best tailors charge about 17 guineas for a lounge suit; the others are two or three guineas cheaper, but the time you waste makes the saving hardly worth your while, and generally the suit you get is obviously second-rate.

Choose your fabrics carefully. You will find plenty of unattractive patterns even in the best shops. Remember

Huge two-shillin' spots on Shantung!

Dead-white shantung crepe with dots in brilliant colors! This dress is something of a shining light in our new summer sport collection . . You'll agree it has chic!

With green, red or blue dots . . . 45.00

New cotton shantung shoes to match . . . 15.50

Panama hats with shantung dot band . . . 25.00

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Fashions For Men

It's Smart to be Comfortable!

That's why we are sponsoring lighter weight fashions for men. Smart, cool, comfortable attire for every occasion.

For instance, take this four-piece golf suit . . . and you certainly will when you see it . . . it's light as a feather, yet lacks none of the durable or sartorial features you expect in a sports suit.

Cool grays and tans in worsted and tweed effects. Two button jackets, notch lapels and outside patch pockets. Skeleton lined.

FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS

SPORTING EVENTS
GOLF
June 27th-28th
State Open Championship
Green Meadow Country Club
Rye, N. Y.

FIFTH AVE. AT 43d ST.
BROADWAY AT 32d ST.
And other easily reached shops in Greater New York

that materials suitable for England, where steam heat is still a novelty, are often too heavy for New York. A medium-weight worsted is the best choice for a lounge suit; it holds its shape indefinitely and the firm texture permits fine tailoring. Plain fabrics, or those with inconspicuous patterns, are the smartest.

Allow your tailor all the time he needs to do his work properly, and let him give you as many fittings as he wishes. For your first suit, from ten days to two weeks, with three or four fittings, are required. Then you are supposed to wear it for a week or so, and bring it back for refitting, to allow the tailor to remedy the small defects that usually appear.

HERE is a list of some of the best tailors. It may help you find the one you want:

Davies & Son, 19 Hanover Street; Poole, 37 Savile Row; and Hogg & Sons, 8 Hanover Square, are all conservative firms that know how to transform stoutness into dignity. These have many American businessmen on their books.

Anderson & Sheppard, 30 Savile Row, and Lesley & Roberts, 16 George Street, Hanover Square, are also conservative, but they are particularly good for the tall, spare military type of man. Their fabrics are unusual because each shop has specially woven patterns. Both manage to achieve squared shoulders with the minimum of padding.

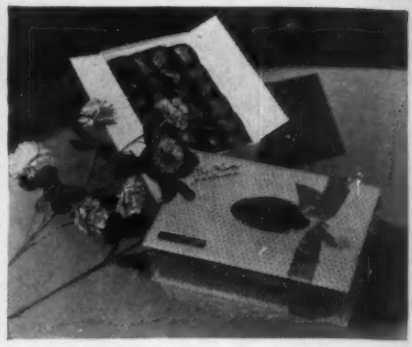
Pleydell & Smith, 12 Cork Street, and Kilgour & French, 33A Dover Street, are a little more extreme. The former has a great many young American customers who want suits that are unquestionably British. Both firms make jackets with noticeably broad shoulders and narrow hips; and both advocate short double-breasted waistcoats with very wide curved lapels; these, of course, are to be worn with single-breasted jackets.

F. P. Sholte, 7 Savile Row, dresses many English actors. Hawes & Curtis, 53 Jermyn Street, well known as shirtmakers, also make suits and overcoats; Jack Buchanan's evening clothes, which are made here, will give you an idea of what to expect.

H. Huntsman & Son, 11 Savile Row, turn out excellent riding clothes, and Tautz & Co., 12 Grafton Street, are famous makers of breeches.

AMONG the shirtmakers, Hawes & Curtis are known for having in-

HONEY-MAID CHOCOLATES



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HONEY-MAID Candies include The STRATTON Package of Assorted Chocolates; Honey Chews, Mints and Honey Kisses. **At all leading dealers.**

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COSTS THREE-FIFTY • LASTS 6 MONTHS
At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

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troduced the backless evening waistcoat. This firm also was one of the first to devise a starched bosom that does not bulge. T. M. Lewin, 39 Panton Street, makes evening shirts with starched bosoms and cuffs and bodies of handkerchief linen. Budd, 4 Piccadilly Arcade, is the place to go for evening ties in unusual shapes and materials. H. Ludlam & Co., 37 Albermarle Street, and Hodgkinson, 63 Jermyn Street, are good conservative shops where the salesmen have time to help you design the kind of shirt and collar that will suit you best. Beale & Inman, 131 Bond Street, and Washington Tremlett, 41 Conduit Street, are rather expensive but very good.

Collett & Levy, 84 Jermyn Street, is a place to know about if you are in a hurry. The ready-to-wear dress shirts and collars here are excellent, and minor alterations can be made quickly if you ask for them.

IT takes about three weeks to have a pair of shoes made. If you want two pairs, you'll have to have an extra set of lasts, unless you want to wait another three weeks. Faulkner & Son, 51 South Molton Street, have a branch at 51 East Forty-second Street, which is convenient for customers in this city, in case anything goes wrong or they want to have their shoes repaired. Other good bootmakers are Peal, 487 Oxford Street; Allan McAfee, 38 Dover Street; Lobb, 55 St. James' Street; R. Thomas & Sons, 5 St. James' Street; and Hoby & Gullick, 1 Ryder Street.

The bowlers of Lock & Co., 6 St. James' Street, are unique. The bulging crown and hairy finish are seldom imitated. These hats are the favorites of English hunting men; the lives of many of them have been saved by the extremely hard crowns. In fact the crowns are so hard that the only way to get a perfect fit is to have one made for you. Lock hats seem to suit men with long narrow heads best. The hats made by Scotts, 1 Old Bond Street, and Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond Street, have sloping crowns that are often more becoming to men with broad heads.

NO doubt you know that several of the shops I've listed have representatives or branches in New York. Other firms, such as Bernard Weatherill, are so well known here that they can be considered as belonging to New York as much as to London now.

—G. McC.

• *Twenty minutes before dinner time, remove chicken from glass container. Bake the chicken in hot oven and warm the rich, flavory juices for gravy or soup.*

• *After only twenty minutes baking, the chicken is ready to serve—steaming hot, tender, delicious! A wonderful dinner prepared in an amazingly short time!*

PREPARE CHICKEN DINNERS THIS QUICK, EASY WAY

SAVE THREE HOURS time—eliminate all bothersome preparation—by using KINGAN'S CHICKEN-IN-GLASS. It comes to you ready-cooked in its glistening glass container—a choice, tender milk-fed chicken, stuffed with spicy dressing. Ready to serve as a cold meat dish; fried or creamed in less than ten minutes; baked in twenty minutes. Exceptionally delicious! . . . Order one today from your food dealer. Take a season's supply to your summer cottage.

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Dark Rex Again—The Battle of West Point—Strictly Amateur Judges

DEVON was a splendid show. Never has such a galaxy of saddle horses been seen in the East before, or at least not since the Great Blizzard. Also the crowd once more proved that while it may be ignorant, it has a curious perception of true greatness. Miss Mary Fiers' much-discussed Roxie Highland was the favorite of the entire grandstand, and the odd part was that the rail, resting place of all the experts, acclaimed her as well. Dark Rex's two victories over her left almost all but his closest friends cold, and started the biggest and best argument in years. Dark Rex has the greatest canter ever seen, a hybrid, tripping gait that passes for a walk, a fast but five-gaited trot, and Bob Moreland, the old master, in the saddle. On the other hand, Roxie Highland has no walk at all, a grand trot, a satisfactory canter, more personality, and, on her back, Miss Mary Fiers, who met the professionals on their own ground and made them look very far from being conquering heroes.

The greatest thing that could happen would be to get some hillbilly who had never heard of either horse, or of Bob Moreland, and let him pin the ribbons. Then, and only then, we would be convinced of Dark Rex's superiority.

THEY brought Thomas Wilson all the way up from Kentucky to judge the saddle horses at West Point, and he was very grave and deliberate, though the classes were small and mediocre. Except for fourth ribbon, which was usually pretty difficult to pick in such a morass of entries, the awards went steadily among three or four old-timers who call each other by their first names. However, some of the horses, to be sure, would have looked pretty good if one had not been to Devon.

People have groused for years because this show was held indoors, so the committee obligingly moved it up to the polo field. Now the customers want it back in the riding hall. Two hot days

THE DELMONICO

Suites now leasing for Fall occupancy. A few suites on summer lease.

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John F. Sanderson, Manager

Steamer Baskets!

When he, she, or they sail, entrain or arrive, a Hicks Steamer Basket or Merry Trip Box certainly helps! To your order, cabled, radio'd, or delivered.

And by the way—have you tried a Hicks Soda lately?

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MOUNTAINS, Lake, Health. Golf, riding, tennis, water sports. *Superior food, club-like privacy, exclusive clientele,* unobtrusive management. Isolated, yet accessible. Season ends Sept. 30. Rates $42 weekly and up. Send for illustrated circular NOW.
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LUGGAGE
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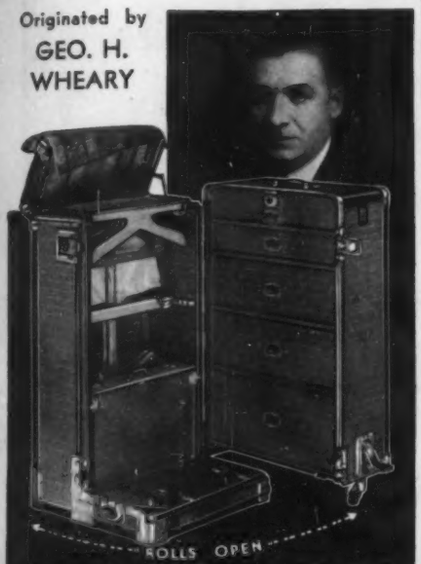

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A HELPFUL BOOKLET

describing Wheary Modernized Luggage Inventions, sent upon request, by

Wheary Trunk Co.
1509 16th Street
Racine Wisconsin

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FURNITURE
SINCE 1852

Living, dining and bedroom suites of quality distinctively high, in designs smartly appropriate . . . at prices astonishingly low.

GEO. P. STROBEL & CO., INC.
New Address—19-27 West 21st St.
New York

seated in open boxes made even tanbark and girders seem attractive.

Carrying its touching willingness to please still farther—and with even less success—the committee set up an outside course for hunters around the edge of the polo field. Nearly half a mile long, it would be a grand place to get a horse fit, but as the fences are very few and small, and as Mr. Maclay relies largely on actual scores over fences in judging hunter classes, all the galloping merely served to take pounds off horses who could ill afford to lose them.

The very human and fallible showing of the Army mounts at West Point should do much to still the controversy now raging as to whether or not they should be barred from civilian classes. It proved they can be beaten, and in open jumping classes too. Moreover, judging from the remarks of the more partisan civilians, it seems that the Army riders are great fellows and fine horsemen when they are defeated, but conniving professionals with a bag full of tricks when they win.

TUXEDO, one of the pleasantest shows of the year from the exhibitors' point of view, produced a slightly augmented entry list: there was real competition in both saddle and hunter classes. Mr. Camp pinned the ribbons in the former, and showed a great liking for Prudence, but age has withered her considerably. She just isn't the mare she was when Elizabeth Greve swept the boards with her three years ago. She looks dispirited and world-weary. Mr. Camp differed with Tom Wilson's opinion of William Nicoll's Silver Lustre, putting him way

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Tribal Tales of the ALGONQUIN

Every New Yorker knows that The Algonquin's location makes it easy to reach the leading theatres, shops and other alluring income destroyers. In fact, every step is a step in the right direction when you are at The Algonquin.

No. 5

Bob Benchley and The Towels

FRANK CASE was one day telling Bob Benchley of the number of articles removed from his hotel by souvenir hunters. He related how on one occasion he was asked to spend a few days with an old friend and actually found linen in the house marked "Algonquin." One year later Mr. and Mrs. Case were invited to spend a week-end with the Benchleys. When they were shown to their room they saw, to their horror, that the beds were invitingly made up with "Algonquin" sheets and pillow-slips. Mrs. Case, not wishing to let her husband know she had noticed the things, quickly looked out the window and drew Frank's attention to a nearby tree. Frank Case himself, having also spotted the tell-tale monograms and not wanting to have his wife know that he had, joined her and together they began an animated conversation on the beauties of nature. When they later went to wash their hands, every towel in the bathroom bore in flaming red script the famous name "Algonquin"... Their host had thoughtfully secured a supply of towels and sheets for the occasion from Frank Case's daughter.

(Next *"Mrs. Fielding Sends For Her Furniture"*)

P.S. When you are having supper at The Algonquin after the theatre, you're as likely as not to see the stars of the show enjoying a bite at the next table. You won't mind that, will you?

HOTEL ALGONQUIN
59 WEST 44TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

down. This is a horse that went very high at Brooklyn when obviously green, but he has hardly come on at all since. He sprawls and he hitches, and even that expert, Mrs. Hewlett, can't make him show well.

The hunter judging was the sudden and rather unexpected realization of all our prayers. Mrs. Dean Bedford and Harry Worcester Smith officiated in perfect harmony, and actually seemed to feel that even a show-ring hunter should give at least a convincing imitation of a safe and pleasant ride to hounds. As a result, any horse that pulled, rushed, over-jumped, or had to be placed and taken back, was not considered. The judging of the first few classes came as a shock to some of the jockeys, who are accustomed to doing all the work for a horse. Mrs. Harry Chamberlin, whose riding is a credit to the Army school, won first and second in the ladies'-hunters class with Prince Charming and Hindustan, who both went on a loose rein and did their own thinking.

This country needs more combinations of strictly amateur judges who have been through the mill and really know what constitutes a good ride. So many hunter judges are merely men who were great fellows to hounds twenty years ago, or are people who judge as a last-minute favor on the theory that anyone who can do simple arithmetic can place jumpers. This also holds true to a lesser degree among saddle horses. Granted that they are a highly artificial, inbred, and useless class of beast, the fact that they were originally supposed to be used for riding should not be completely lost sight of. And were amateurs—and by this we do not mean tyros—making the awards, they would have no irons, past, present, or future, in the fire; and they would be more immune to the potent spell of name and reputation.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From a local paper*]

WASHINGTON, May 22 (AP)—The Fish resolution to establish a Federal policy for sex equality and nationality in all international agreements was adopted by the House today and sent to the Senate.

•

Have you ordered your copy of "Park Avenue" to be published June 16th by Macauley & Co., YET?—*Adv. of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, forthcoming book.*

Why no, yet, we haven't.

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

SUITE RESERVATIONS
Now Being Made

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Lido all the way
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BOXING

The Fight That Ballyhooed Itself—A Tough Boy Against a Thinker

TO those critics who habitually, and often correctly, deride the boxing business and point out its flaws, it must have seemed odd to find the sporting circles of this nation stirring with excitement over a bout between a Lithuanian whose performances have often been disappointing and a German who has fought comparatively few bouts with first-rate fighters. At the root of this excitement was more than the fact that a match had at last been developed which would provide the world with a new heavyweight champion. Even if no title had been at stake, I think the interest would have been almost equally keen. Somehow people had acquired the conviction that a great fight was in the wind, and they based this idea chiefly on what they knew about the personalities of the two men who would be in the ring.

PROBABLY no fighter in modern times has made himself so thoroughly offensive as Jack Sharkey. I mean offensive outside the ring; inside, where offensiveness has a certain value, he has been that way only occasionally. There have been fights in which he rushed out of his corner like a maniac, finished off his opponent in a brief scuffle, and broke out crying with joy when the announcer raised his hand. In the Maloney fight in the Yankee Stadium, in the Delaney and Loughran fights, and for five rounds of his fight with Dempsey, Sharkey looked marvellous, unbeatable. At other times he has fought dully and stupidly. In only one respect has his conduct been dependable, and that is in his jeering volubility: he never overlooks a chance to make it clear that he is a tough boy.

It is not true that Sharkey brags. The emphatic utterances he is famous for are, from his point of view, mild and sincere statements of his faith in himself. In polite company, he tries to modify the habitually scornful look in his small blue eyes. He does not succeed. He has moments of horseplay geniality, but when fighting is talked about some remark nettles him

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sooner or later. I saw him end a conversation with two directors of the Garden Corporation (they had come out courteously to chat with him when he drove up to their hotel) by throwing his car into gear without warning and yanking it down the road at the peril of the people who were leaning against it. He remains, at all times, a synthesis of the American Tough Boy. You pay attention to Sharkey. Dempsey, with his easy good fellowship; Tunney, pompous and rather shy, fitted into any group, but Sharkey stands out of any group—a fighter.

MAX SCHMELING, of course, is another sort altogether. If he weren't a fighter he would undoubtedly be doing well at any one of a dozen occupations. He has intelligence, even aesthetic taste; he used to paint a little in oils when he had more time; he has tried his hand at different kinds of jobs, has worked his way through various parts of the world. Now that he is making money, he inevitably likes his surroundings to be as pleasant as possible. Inevitably, too, Schmeling watches his physical condition—watches, trains, and disciplines himself, impersonally and shrewdly. Nothing could have been more ridiculous than the rumors that he was fat and unconditioned because of his year's holiday in Germany. If anything, he overdid his training at home; he was too nearly in perfect shape the day he got here to stand much more work in hot weather. That is why, at Endicott, he never skipped the rope or hit a punching bag, but got ready for his most important fight with calisthenics, shadowboxing, golf, and rather mediocre sparring partners.

BEFORE a fight like this, one opinion was about as good as another, but for our own part we were principally interested in the attitude of those men whose wagers determine the betting prices on Broadway. Sharkey's biggest backer was Barney Ginsberg, whose sunburned features, puckered around a dollar cigar, are a traditional part of the atmosphere at local tracks and ringsides. He was giving 6–5; any amount of it. Asked why, he admitted that Schmeling was smart, and had fought Risko just right, and Paulino just right, and that gymnasium stuff didn't mean anything, but still . . . "Sharkey knows too much," said Mr. Ginsberg. "That's the reason I like him. But who wins? Maybe I'm wrong . . ." —N. B., JR.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All-Star Crime Wave

THE underworld shows again its ugly head, its sprightly, lively, picturesque head, in various new pictures of the moment, the most effective of which is "Born Reckless," with Edmund Lowe. This picture, adapted from a novel, "Louis Beretti," by Donald Henderson Clarke, purports to be somewhat the biography of a gangster, or at least of the maturity of a gangster, since there are no cradle scenes. The lullaby phase of a safebreaker's life is omitted. That would appear to be all that is overlooked, however, and the picture loses much in dramatic force by being sprawled over so many years, event following event with long lapses of time between them.

Not that Beretti appears to age perceptibly. In the first shots—excellent they are too—when he is one of a gang in the purlieus of Chinatown, he is as heavy in build and square in jaw as he is fifteen years later when he has blasted and bombed his way to the ownership of a Broadway night club. In those early days the only indication of his youth is the fact that he gets caught. This happens just as war is declared, and when he is dragged before the district attorney, a reporter (Lee Tracy, of course), who seems to be in the official confidence, suggests that the gangster be sent to the trenches instead of to the pen. Thus we have war scenes, and also one of those front-line friendships between the gangster and the young man of refinement and position (in peace time): the young man with the beautiful sister at home who after the war is to act as a somewhat romantic inspiration to her brother's rough comrade.

ASIDE from this tenuous romantic note there is not much definite framework to the whole story. Beretti does not marry the sister, but he does go back upon his own gang for her sake when that avaricious group go to the extent of kidnapping her child, a situation reminiscent in many points of a recent Bancroft picture. Underworld ethics demand full payment for this lapse of loyalty on his part, which brings his

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hardly tranquil history to its end. Incidentally this movie is not as grim and tragic as this brief comment suggests. The best thing about its construction is the sharp edging of humor throughout.

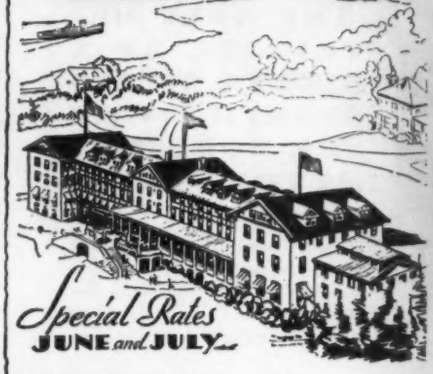
IN "Shadow of the Law" the prison scenes of the first half of the picture show us again how well tiers of cells and blank high walls crossed with the shadows of bars photograph. William Powell, even in a convict's suit without a gardenia, is suave and poised in the part, but eventually his ability cannot save the long, dreary, silly drama of pure love, blackmail, and exoneration.

MOST of the prison movies, partly for the reason I have noted above, partly too for the topical interest in those institutions because of the restlessness manifested during this past year among their inmates, have been fairly good. "Numbered Men," at the Winter Garden, is the outstanding exception. It is the most ingenuous piece of work I have ever observed, and it quite refutes any theory that the ingenuous must be attractive. There is a "good conduct" room in this prison where the convicts discuss the honor system and how nice it is that the warden trusts them. The convicts who have been good boys for that day are allowed to go out on the road gang, where they learn to love the country. "No more big towns for us," says one of them leaning on his pickaxe. "There's nothing in them—only grief." Road-building and the allure of the landscape are made all the more charming for them as after a long day's work they are allowed to drop into a kind housewife's kitchen for doughnuts. Something of a story is contrived by the presence in the midst of these gold-star prisoners of a bad convict who wants to escape. He is properly punished, you may be sure. This may sound like a burlesque, possibly funny, but I warn you it is only lamentable.

RAMON NOVARRO brings us back to the lighter legal side of life, but "In Gay Madrid" is not too light in itself. Students in capes and berets sing and cavort as is customary in movie studies of academic life whether in America or abroad. Novarro himself sings a number of songs (I believe he was planning an operatic career for a while) and sings them very agreeably. There are the usual Spanish balcony scenes and a duel for good measure, but Novarro has to carry the picture.

—J. C. M.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN



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ALL in a rush, the recording factories are sending out new specimens of their craftsmanship in the registering of violin tones. Of course, few months go by without a variety of such records, but generally we get nothing more stimulating than a music-hall ballad in double stops. Now, however, there are more substantial matters for your attention; and on a hot day you probably will find a concerto less irritating than a ditty about roses or moonlight, played too slowly.

THERE are several versions of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata available, but Victor's new album set, performed by the Messrs. Cortot and Thibaud, is much the best recording that I have heard. The balance between the piano and the violin is well maintained (no easy job) and the articulation is exceptional. It is in the gracious chamber-music vein of these eminent artists, and while it probably is not so rugged as the famous première in which Beethoven and the mulatto, Bridgetower, played the work at sight, it undoubtedly is much cleaner and more coherent.

Columbia has a charming offering in the Mozart A-major concerto, played by Joseph Wolfsthal, accompanied by the ubiquitous Dr. Weissmann and an orchestra. I have no notion who Herr Wolfsthal may be (this, like the "Kreutzer," is an imported recording), but he plays his solo passages simply and in the manner that is generally considered Mozartian. The accompaniment is done with unusual care, and for once the solo instrument does not sound as if it were equipped with a loudspeaker.

A startling feat—still another importation—is Yehudi Menuhin's publication of the Bach unaccompanied sonata (the fifth) in C-major. This set has not been released here yet, but you will be able to find it at the Gramophone Shop. The English Victor company is the sponsor.

A novelty in the lists is the second Delius violin sonata, transcribed for the viola and played beautifully by Lionel Tertis, with fine piano collaboration from George Reeves. The viola records delightfully, and the sonata itself is a masterfully made, somewhat sentimental composition which is far ahead of most contemporary essays in this form. Columbia made it in England, but it is on the current domestic list.

FOR Wagnerians there is a new album that will keep plenty of phonographs busy—an assortment of ten excerpts from "Siegfried," with Lauritz Melchior as the hero. It is an English Victor issue, and one of the best in the whole Wagnerian catalogue. Albert Coates conducts, assisted by the London Symphony, and old-timers will welcome Albert Reiss, once the greatest of local mimes, whose voice is not too fresh, but who knows every Wagnerian tradition and makes his dramatic points cannily. Rudolf Böckelmann is a capable Wanderer, and the Voice of the Forest Bird is—well, you know what that usually sounds like. The libretto is uncommonly helpful; it has a glossary of motifs and identifies each theme as it turns up on the records.

For light-opera collectors, there is now "Iolanthe," by a group of English singers, directed magnificently by Malcolm Sargent (his overture is a high spot in Sullivan discs). Rupert D'Oyly Carte supervised the enterprise, so it must be taken as authentic, although there is more squeaking in the comedy passages than you might consider imperative. It is an English Victor recording.

BY the way, if you have no "Schéhérazade," listen to Columbia's album set, by Philippe Gaubert and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. It is not so individual as Stokowski's Victor version, nor so brilliant, but the orchestral balance is better.

If you're looking for some vocal reproductions, try Victor's impression of Giuseppe de Luca in airs from "Ernani" and "La Gioconda," with the Metropolitan Opera chorus; and Rosa Ponselle's doings with Kahn's "Ave Maria" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Nightingale and the Rose," both of which reproduce her startling voice with complete fidelity. —R. A. S.

•

Peter B. Kyne, the author, once wrote, "East is East and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet."—*The Evening Post.*

He ne'er wrote any such thing.

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THE university instructor was seated at his skimpy desk correcting French-examination books. They were everywhere around him, all over the desk, on two chairs on either side of him, on the floor all around him, and on his narrow cot three feet away against the gray wall of his dormitory cell.

It was during the timeless spaces of the night, and the instructor was putting red pencil through the fiftieth sentence in the one-hundred-and-fiftieth book: "Although my friend's uncle's wife is not pretty I shall have to dance with her," when the telephone at his elbow rang. He answered it. A voice said:

"Is this Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, this is Johnson speaking."

"Well, this is O'Connell, Mr. Johnson, one of your students. I don't suppose you remember me, Mr. . . ."

"Oh yes, O'Connell, I remember you quite well. Quite well."

"I was just wondering if you know my mark yet, Mr. Johnson. Have you come to my paper yet? I just wondered how I came out."

"Just a moment, O'Connell, I'll look." The instructor was bluffing; he knew full well what the young man's mark was, and had known since the first week of the course. He held the receiver calmly to his ear, listening the while to the student whistling "Lover, Come Back to Me."

"OH, O'Connell? I'm terribly sorry, but I have had to give you a fail for a final grade."

"Hello! Hello! Operator, I was speaking to Cathedral . . ."

"Yes, O'Connell, and you still are. This is Mr. Johnson. Your final grade is a fail."

The voice that came to the instructor's ear now was as changed as though it were another person, say, perhaps the voice of a fainting girl.

"But . . . I don't see how I could of . . . got . . . a . . . faaaiiilllll! Why, I got a condition at midyear and I thought . . ."

"Yes, O'Connell, you did get a condition at midyear, through the interference of some mysterious power, but do you feel that your work has in any way improved since that time?"

"Well, I asked you after class one day and you said I recited good . . ."

"I hope I said you recited 'well,' but we'll leave it in your picturesque

idiom. You must remember that that was only *one* class, and the *only* one of its kind throughout the semester."

"And I got a passing grade on a quiz once too."

"One tiny little bit of a ten-minute quiz, yes."

"Well, gee, I didn't think you'd hand me—I mean I didn't think I'd get a fail! I didn't think you'd give me . . ."

"You're too good to me, O'Connell. I haven't given you anything. You have honestly earned your grade. You have worked hard and consistently for it. You deserve it."

"Gee, you know this puts me on probation, or else maybe I might get kicked out . . . and I can't row any more, and I can't go to Poughkeepsie . . ."

"How are your other grades, O'Connell?"

"Oh, they're all right, they'll be all right. You see your course was always my hardest course."

"I see. I'm terribly sorry, but . . ."

"It don't seem to me I could deserve a fail. What did I get on the exam?"

"Your numerical grade on the examination was exactly twenty-seven . . . out of a possible one hundred!"

"HUH! I thought I got away strong on that exam. I thought I hit it for a row of beans. I know I hit that second question for a row anyway. I studied all night long the night before. I studied more for that exam of yours, Mr. Johnson, than any of my others. And I had a cold in my head all the week before, I had to stay in bed three days almost, and I had three exams in succession, and chemistry came that afternoon, and I was worried all the time I was writing that exam of yours . . . and . . . well, I thought I hit it swell."

"I see. Well, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it now. It's too late. And you will recall that I have been warning you regularly all semester that you were going to fail."

"And I worked harder in your course than in any of my others. And I always liked you the best of any of my instructors, and I always did the work for your course before I did any of my other work. . . . What'd I get on that third question?"

"The third? Well, on that one question you did get ninety, but on all the others . . ."

"I thought I got *one* of them fine. And then of course you telling me that my work was improving, I thought of course . . ."

"O'Connell! All the others were miserably below passing . . . twenty, thirty-two, forty-seven, eighteen, and so on."

"Where's my work weakest, Mr. Johnson? I got to get to work and . . ."

"To differentiate between the weak spots in your work is a task of such delicacy, O'Connell, that I find myself quite too coarse to attempt it. Come in to my office one of these days, when I've finished all this marking of papers and I'll . . ."

"What time is it now?"

The instructor broke into a cold and flowing perspiration.

"Oh, it's very late, and I have hours of work to do. It must be, yes, it's midnight . . ."

"You're going to bed, then, I s'pose?"

"Indeed I'm not, I am too busy to go to bed for hours to come . . ."

"Oh! Well then, I think I'll come right over now and have that talk with you, and we could go over my paper and see where my weakest spots are . . ."

"Oh please, O'Connell. It's too . . ."

"Aw right. I'll be right over. I can be there in twenty minutes."

—BURDETTE KINNE

•

OLD HOUSE

There is a twilight more profound
  Than any trick of trees
That lays its frightening fingers
  On haunts like these.

Sunlight cannot dispel this fog
  Nor can a timid prayer
Caught in the brooding of the eaves
  Go skyward there.

It gathers wood things in a pall
  And only on its edge
Will squirrels scamper into trees
  Or toads essay a ledge.

The birds fly there with muted wings
  In scattered bits of shade.
The cats walk on their softest toes
  As if they were afraid.

—PAULA LECLER

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BETWEEN • THE • ACTS

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"More like eighteen million, dear, the days I used to shop for theatre tickets. But since I found Bascom it's down to 18,908 again . . ."

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This comfortable camp furnished with every convenience is available now. 9 rooms (6 bedrooms) 2 baths. Servants quarters in separate lodge. 500 ft. water frontage, Moosehead Lake. Tennis court, swimming, fishing. $1,500, or, will consider short term lease.
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MOTORS

Concerning Used Cars — The Imperturbable Lincoln — Upholstered Station Wagon

A FRIEND of ours who buys one of the higher-priced used cars every two years has been finding that the choice this season is pretty limited. He wants an open model, and there are virtually no second-hand open cars for sale. The demand for them is limited and the dealers don't like the risk of accepting them in trade. Those merchants who have used cars are, as a matter of fact, finding the market in all models pretty good.

Our advice is to buy from some authorized firm that has the name of its new cars to protect. Two or three places that deal only in old cars have been in business for years and are well known, but a number of the second-hand-automobile agencies have no name over their doors whatever. We think we know why.

The Rolls-Royce people protect their standing by getting an option for the first bid on any car they have sold. They usually pay a better price than the fly-by-night dealers and take the car back to the factory for rebuilding, if need be, before reselling it. Then it's good for another ten years.

LINCOLN blandly and imperturbably adheres to its own style. In this day of flat caps and no caps the whippet still leaps forward from atop its radiator. Dark colors are used on most cars at the moment, but Lincoln's Broadway showroom has been exhibiting a highly visible canary roadster. The feeling is that the Lincoln stays with you a long time and that some people like canary whatever the passing whim in hues. Of course, there are austere Lincolns for calmer tastes.

Nash, Oakland, and Dodge Brothers are all emphasizing dark hues in their sedans. Buick has two special shades: an olive green, and a blue about two shades lighter than navy. This house is also getting some adroit results with unusual combinations ot colors. There is a blue coupé, for instance, with gray-green moldings.

OLDSMOBILE is displaying a Viking sedan with a gadget that should promote peace among the passengers. Nothing causes more tension in a closed car than the problem of what windows shall be open, and how far. If the driver's window alone is open, there is a circular draft which catches those in the rear at the back of the neck—often it hits the back of the driver's neck too. The Viking has side-shields outside the two front windows to do away with that trouble, and they have been built as part of the whole design, no small task in a sedan.

WE feel that the larger Jordans get a Continental effect as well as any. You will recall that there was a sample model of a Jordan without running-boards at the motor show last winter. The car is now coming from the factory; we think it fully as engaging as the prospectus promised, if not more so. The slits in the hood open and shut like the flanges of the swell-box in a pipe organ—all ex-organ-pumpers will understand. The rear tire-carrier is made of nickel-finished metal with enamelled sides; the front of the car has two nickel horns and nickel radiator-shutters.

ESSEX seems to have realized that a large estate can want its station wagon to be something more than a mere delivery vehicle. The Essex people have put out a model, selling for $1,063 in Manhattan, which has fully upholstered leather seats accommodating seven persons. The sides are high, eliminating drafts, and there is enough extra space in the tonneau for a fair load of packages. The driver's compartment is equipped with glass windows; the roof has a leather finish; there are curtains to match it which can be rolled up near the roof and adjusted in a second. In decoration the car is frankly utilitarian, with an olive-green hood and varnished wooden sides.

WITH production rather less feverish than last year, there is a disposition on the part of the manufacturers to produce vehicles fitted for special purposes. It is possible to get Ford, Chevrolet, and Whippet roadsters with package bodies in the rear, a useful arrangement if you live in the country.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is writing a series of articles for *Vanity Fair*. A volume of his poetry appears in the spring.—*Film Fun.*

Trying to get into the writies, eh?

MY FRIEND, THE AMBASSADOR

ON the whole, I think Mr. Walter Edge, the American Ambassador to France, is a fine man for the job. Though I have never met him, he has been very nice to me in a vicarious way. Our association, here in France, has been almost entirely satisfactory. Only once has the Ambassador fallen down and failed utterly in being of help to me.

In Paris he has been fine. I found this out for the first time when a traffic policeman objected highly to a certain activity of mine in connection with my car. This activity was the mere accident of not paying any attention to his arresting baton and driving right on past him. In doing so my car must have bumped into him slightly, for he found the whole thing hardly pleasing. He was prepared, in fact, to take me immediately to the police station.

"All right," I told him. "If you wish to be foolish enough to do that, I will submit to the outrage and go with you. But first I must demand the use of a telephone to call up my friend, Monsieur Edge."

"Monsieur Edge?" the gendarme asked in contemptuous inquiry.

"The American Ambassador," I replied. "I am going to appeal to the American Ambassador about your treatment."

"You are his friend?" my gendarme, now impressed, asked. "Monsieur Edge, the American Ambassador, is your friend?"

"He is my good comrade," I said.

"Ah, then, Monsieur, perhaps I have made a little mistake. Will you have the honor to proceed on your way?"

I had that honor, and many others. Upon the occasions of more run-ins with various people, I spoke again of my good friend, the Ambassador. Once, I was forced to admit that I was the son of Monsieur Edge. That statement, like the others, brought quick forgiveness, admission of the mistake made, and profuse apologies.

IT was in the country that Ambassador Edge let me down. Leaving France through a small, provincial town on the Swiss border, the officials discovered that my papers were not in order. I had not, it seemed, obtained the necessary permission to drive my car out of France. The head official informed me that I would be required to pay a fine of several hundred francs before the papers could be properly stamped.

"If you wish to fine me," I said, "you may do so. But first I wish to warn you that I will telegraph at once to my friend, the American Ambassador, to protest this outrageous treatment."

"The American Ambassador?" the official asked. "You will telegraph to him? You are his friend?"

"He is my very good friend," I replied, remembering all the favors he had done for me in the past, "and you may be sure he will take severe action against the difficulties you are presenting to me here."

A gleam of satisfaction came into the official's eye. "But Monsieur," he pointed out all too politely, "you cannot telegraph to Monsieur the American Ambassador Herrick. For, unfortunately, he is dead." He sat back, highly content that he had caught me.

I explained, loftily but patiently, that I knew Ambassador Herrick was dead. I knew it well, for he, too, had been my good friend. I was going to appeal to the new Ambassador, my most intimate friend, Monsieur Edge.

"The new American Ambassador?" my adversary asked. "But there is no new ambassador. Since Monsieur Herrick none has been appointed. I think, Monsieur, it will be to your advantage not to fool with me longer."

I DID my best, but nothing could convince him that my friend Monsieur Edge was the new American Ambassador. The news had not yet penetrated to his little corner of the Alps.

"You will have the honor," the official finally decided, "to pay not only the two hundred francs' fine of which I first spoke, but an additional hundred for your attempt to evade justice."

I accepted this honor, too, adding it to the rest of my collection, and went on my way. But as I have said, from our association as a whole, I think Mr. Edge is a very good ambassador indeed.

—THEODORE PRATT

•

Mildred Spring of Hampden Street, Roxbury, secured a decree of divorce from Judge McCoole in the Suffolk probate court yesterday from Arthur J. Spring, who was featherweight champion of the Navy in 1927 and 1928. She testified her husband used her as a punching bag and knocked her out on two occasions. She had only two weeks of married life with him.—*Boston Herald.*

It's hard for a man to find a real helpmeet any more.

MEN who know steel PREFER it . . .

"Here's a tip that's on the up and up —Valet steel is the best there is," says daring Danny, king of the catwalk. "I ain't got the nerve to shave with any blade but the new Valet."

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LEAVE it to men who know steel from the ground up when you're in the air about razor blade quality. Let mighty metallurgists — dignified dermatologists and other steel and skin experts give you the facts. The new Valet is the toast of New York. Discriminating shavers everywhere proclaim it a revelation. Blase Broadway and the bucolic bushes sing its praises. Slip a new Valet into the convenient AutoStrop Safety Razor and let the blade's clean-cutting edge sing the Swan Song to your beard.

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RECENT BOOKS

No Black Sheep—Magic Spell — Island Heaven

MR. JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is not a member of the distinguished clan whose achievements he chronicles in "The Adams Family," except by way of descent from the original Adam. You will detect in his book, however, a cousinly sympathy with the Adams high-mindedness, the Adams dignity, and the Adams fine thinking. In short, his writing and his treatment of these aristocrats of a democracy are in the style and spirit of the Adams legend.

The Adams family offers an unusual opportunity to a biographer. The lives of its individuals have an even-running continuity. The family is the triumphant argument in favor of heredity; blood will tell or, to be more accurate, there is nothing like being endowed with the right sort of chromosomes. For years, the good Adamses have been contrasted with the bad Jukeses. If an Adams had married a Jukes, the result probably would have been a dry senator with a weakness for cocktails.

Mr. Adams' story begins with the dawn of the family in England and the immigration of the first Adams to Massachusetts, where, for generations, the hereditary gifts were quiescent. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the Adamses struck their gait and began not so much to create history as to be helpfully present at its *accouchement*.

Throughout this story of four generations of distinguished gentlemen, you feel something lacking in the Adams family. The fault does not lie with the biographer, who is sympathetic, well informed, and enthusiastic, but in the Adamses themselves. They were, to be frank, a little dull, a trifle lacking in those irregularities of character that make for personality; they paid for their supreme common sense by forfeiting romance. As a family they enjoyed every blessing except that greatest of ornaments—a rousing black sheep.

IF you read "Liv," you will remember Kathleen Coyle as a novelist of special and sensitive talents, a writer who haunts you with her literary kinship to Katherine Mansfield. To me, her "A Flock of Birds" is the best novel that has come from England in months, although "novel" is too solid, too robust, and too definite a word to describe her achievement. Here is a book of remarkable pattern; it is the study of a mother whose son has been condemned to hang for murder. It is told with the most agonizing and painful suspense. The coming of death for the son is like the approach of his birth. The woman moves through the ordinary events of her life hypnotized, not by creation, but by destruction.

Mrs. Coyle presents this situation—it is not a story—with the greatest skill. You do not know, with any certainty, why the boy killed a man, whom he killed, how he killed him, or even if he was guilty at all. Mrs. Coyle is too preoccupied with the tortures of the mother to divert your attention to those incidents that are unessential to her plan.

ANOTHER book which is too elusive to be called a novel is "The Hound of Florence," by Felix Salten, who wrote the exquisite "Bambi." If you have a dog, I urge you to read this story of a young sculptor who was transformed into a dog and taken from Vienna to Florence in the train of an unpleasant archduke. Lucas Grassi was bewitched by a magic spell and forced to lead a dual existence; half the day he was Grassi, a student of art, and the rest of his time he was Cambyses, a wolfhound. This strange notion may explain why your Airedale is missing for hours and turns up looking mysterious and important. He may have run off to attend his class at the Art Students' League.

ANDRÉ ROOSEVELT, who prefers loafing in the tropics to running for office, inspired "The Last Paradise." Hickman Powell, a reporter on the loose, encountered the only lazy Roosevelt in the island of Bali and was persuaded by him to remain there and write about this Malaysian heaven. Bali is not a South Sea island nor are its natives savages. They are aborigines

with an art and culture that are not primitive. Mr. Powell writes about them with emphatic enthusiasm and with great love for their arts of living. He is especially good when he is talking about the quality of their music. The book has some excellent drawings by Alexander King and good photographs by Mr. Roosevelt. There is, too, a map in the front.

"THE LATER YEARS OF THOMAS HARDY" takes up the novelist's life in 1892 with the publication of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." The book, which was compiled by Florence Emily Hardy, his second wife, is in no sense a biography, but a collection of the diaries, notes, and some letters of Hardy. These excerpts are held together by a brief impersonal outline of his career and some remembered conversations. It will be, of course, the foundation of all future biographies.

I liked best the succinct account of how Hardy went to Covent Garden to hear an operatic version of "Tess" with music by Baron F. d'Erlanger. The late Emmy Destinn played the rôle of Tess. Hardy didn't think she looked the part but the rest of his thoughts on the performance were smothered by politeness.

"WAR IS WAR," by Ex-Private X, is another war book proclaimed as better than "All Quiet on the Western Front." To me, war books—or rather my interest in them—have passed the peak and therefore I can only record that "War Is War" is frank and gory and powerful and disillusioning. Also, it is a matter of news that S. S. Van Dine is back with another Philo Vance detective story called "The Scarab Murder Case." Mr. Vance lectures on Egyptology and again exchanges repartee with Sergeant Heath. —A. W. S.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Invitation from Finchley*]

FINCHLEY
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AN EXHIBITION
of a gentleman's complete wardrobe
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Afternoons from three to five
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beginning Monday, May nineteenth
at Five sixty-four Fifth Avenue

GANGS' LAUNCH NEW RACKET IN UPPER CITY

Municipal Court Justice Stillman Bares Widespread Plan to Burglarize Apartments

Believe it or not, another racket has been discovered in the upper city. Rather, an old racket in new form, and it is being plied among the better class apartment houses in the upper city.

Details of the racket were given out yesterday by Municipal Court Justice Sullivan following discovery of it being worked in the apartment house in which he lives at 445 Riverside drive.

The racket revolves around private telephone numbers, and details of it reveal the resourcefulness of those behind it in their efforts to obtain these numbers.

What do the gangsters want with the private telephone numbers? Simple enough. With warm weather here, and those financially able escaping from the city whenever they can, the schemers find the private 'phone numbers very useful.

GUARD YOUR NUMBER!

With several hundred unlisted private phone numbers of exclusive apartments at their command, they call through the list each day checking the numbers to which they get no answer. The latter are called at intervals throughout the day and evening and also the following day.

After such persistent phoning without obtaining an answer the "boys" feel confident that the folks have gone away. Then they send out two or three "handy men," who proceed to turn off the apartment.

Thus several hundred exclusive apartments can be thoroughly ransacked with little danger to those doing the job. And, according to the police, the scheme has proved quite profitable to those employing it. It is estimated that more than twenty are in the gang operating along the upper West Side.

Various methods are being used by the gang to obtain the coveted priv[illegible] numbers. At 445 R[illegible] where Justice [illegible] gang used an [illegible]cuted it with

ELEVATOR OPERATOR AIDS.

One of their number was planted in the apartment house as an elevator operator. He mapped the entire apartment house, made a list of all the tenants, and then, resorting to any number of ruses, learned the private phone numbers of most of the residents.

One trick in particular he used without arousing suspicion. He would go to an apartment and inform the tenant that a friend, whose name he had forgotten was calling on the pay station phone in the lobby and had an urgent message for the tenant. The latter, unsuspecting, would give his private phone number and request the elevator operator to have the friend phone that number.

Two days and the "plants" job was done. Then he disappeared without even seeking his wages. And it was not until two or three of the tenants got together and had discovered that each had had the same experience that the scheme was discovered.

Beware! Be Prepared

THIS CLIPPING from May 11, 1930 issue of *"The New York American"* tells its own story.

There is only one safe and certain way to protect your apartment or home against burglary and that is by installing

HOLMES
ELECTRIC
RESIDENCE
PROTECTION

Write today for a new brochure "Is Your Home Positively Protected?" or telephone Pennsylvania 8100 and a copy will be placed in your hands at once, without charge or obligation.

Established in 1857, Holmes today guards the treasures of 95% of the banks in New York City; thousands of merchants and retailers, and an increasing number of private homes and apartments.

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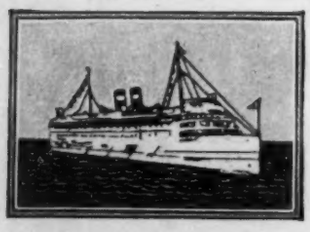
VERY IMPORTANT

Murray Bay is ninety-five miles below Quebec on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. You may sail down from Toronto, Montreal or Quebec, taking your car aboard ship. This is a cool, refreshing and novel journey through French Canada's most historic scenery. It may also be reached by through trains or by motor.

TO HAY FEVER SUFFERERS

Murray Bay is singularly free from the conditions which cause hay fever. We shall be pleased to mail you leaflet dealing exclusively with this important subject.



MOUNTAIN and sea air mingle at Murray Bay to form the perfect elixir of life. And the MANOIR RICHELIEU stands for the comfort, service and luxury that make life worth the living.

Its spacious halls and salons, its rare collection of furniture and pictures, its justly famous cuisine, and the outdoor joys at its very doors are described in our illustrated booklet which we shall be glad to mail to you on request.

The MANOIR RICHELIEU centres the fashionable colony at Murray Bay as the Seigneurial Chateau of olden days its countryside, dispensing entertainment and hospitality.

Golf at its best, riding, swimming and tennis, on splendid En-Tout-Cas Courts—drives through the picturesque back country, where century-old customs still prevail—lounging on the sun-drenched terrace—these form part of the pleasure-filled days at the MANOIR RICHELIEU.

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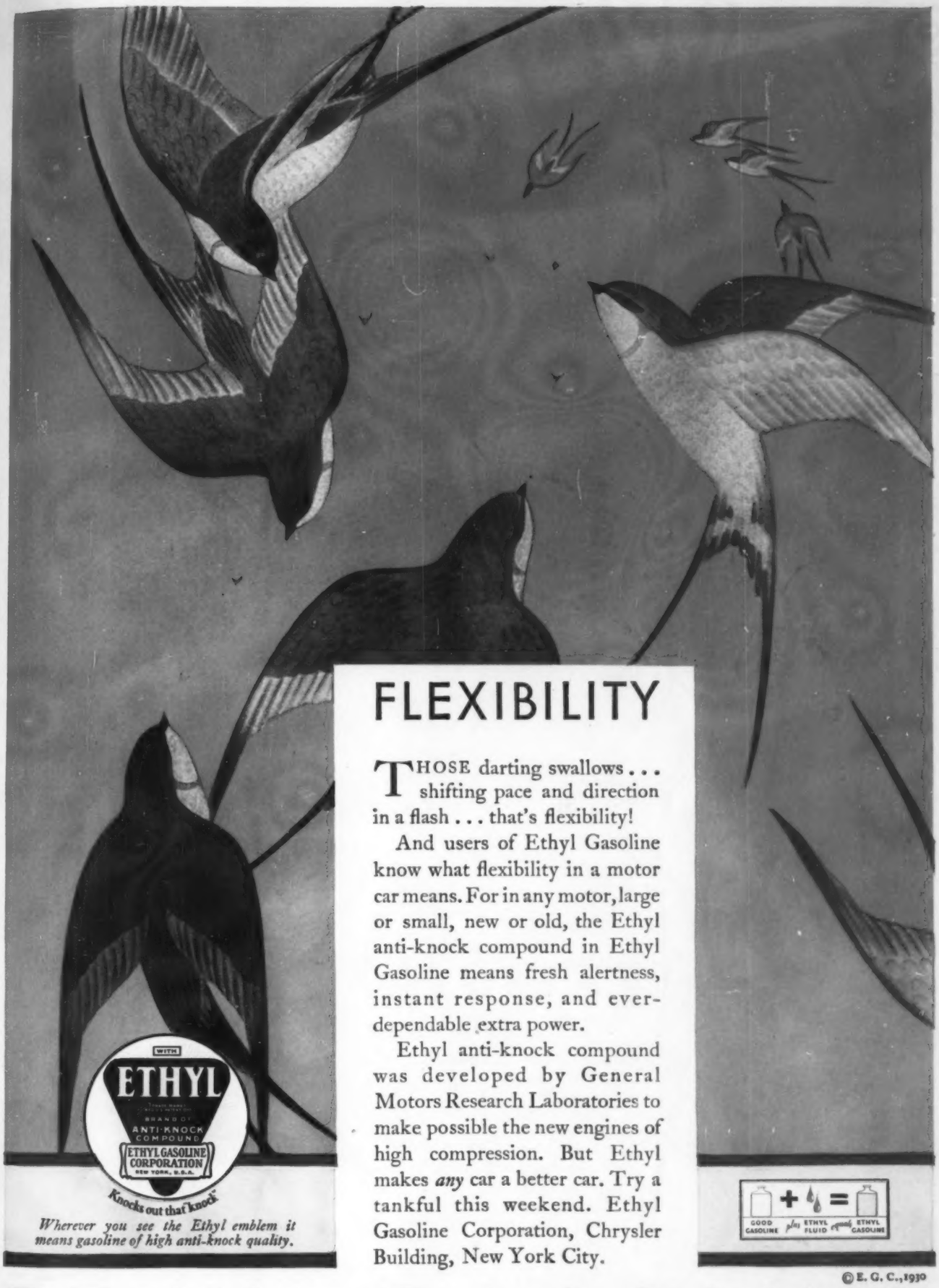

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Ethyl anti-knock compound was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories to make possible the new engines of high compression. But Ethyl makes *any* car a better car. Try a tankful this weekend. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

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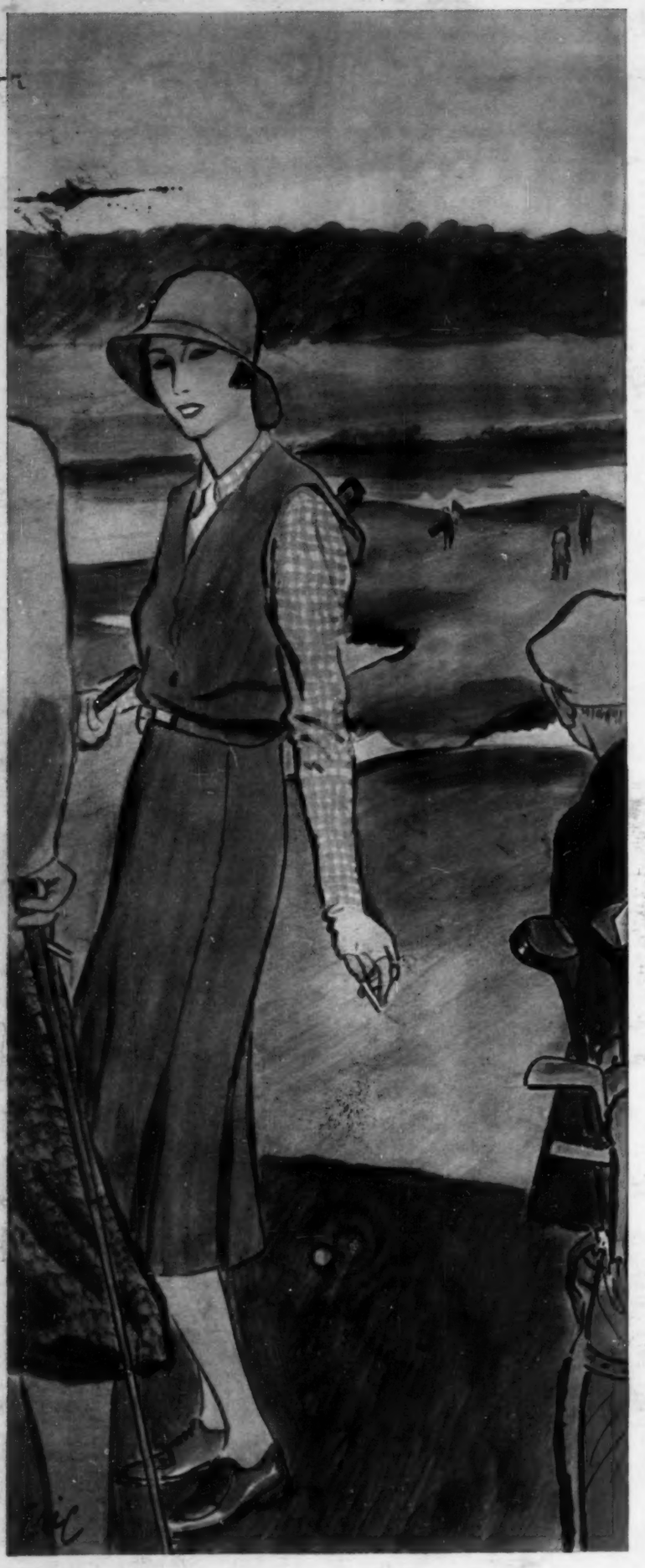

Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.

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